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124 versation were also entered as well as certain behaviors which, at the time they were observed, seemed of small value as ethnographic data. A specimen portion of a P-data sheet is shown below.

P-DATA SHEET—OLD MAN

124 9:27:45 (Old Man's Place). Discussing River Joe's loneliness this first winter of his widow-
● 159 hood and his plans for finding a new wife, Old Man said: "He calls himself Taku Injun. Why don't he go to his own people to get wife?"

9:29:45. "I got nobody to cry to when I'm small kid. I try to make toboggan myself, small one. I burn it lots of times. I put it too close to fire. When I'm little kid I'm shy. I got no really mother. I got nobody make me anything."

According to Old Man, Harry Lang advised Hans to stay with Old Man a couple of years. "'If you do that,' he tell him, 'you're gonna have everything, little thing.'" Traveling around at Frances Lake, Hans had nothing. Trapping in a different country every winter, he would leave his traps in one place and then be without them in the next season. Now he is beginning to accumulate goods, said Old Man. "I don't think that man talk to his wife. I just hear his wife talking."

Old Man said maybe Peter Tom was not going to return to Louis Maza's place for the winter because Maza was too "mean" to Peter. Old Man pointed out that Peter got all the meat, ran Louis' trap line, and cut the wood. Louis only visited the line in November.

"First I keep my old lady we had trouble always. She want to wear sweaters at night too." His wife told Old Man that he could quit her if he didn't like her ways. He told her she should learn. "'Don't cook straight meat; what we gonna do with this grub? No use keep it all winter.' Sometimes she start to cry. Now this time she's all right."

9:29:45 (Evening). "I dream Irene Wiley grow more small. She go down a high hill. She start to pack water for my old woman down a high hill. Summer trail down there. My wife standing there. I left my gun there too. I go down too. Irene go down hill; she get smaller. Big kettle she packing around. She go down in the mud. Sqš, sqš you hear. Gee, I laugh. 'Irene,' I say, 'you grow small.' She say, 'Uncle, you wait. Airplane fly around. That's why I so scared I grow small.' I pack water up again. I don't want her to pack. She too small. I lost my pack. Lots of meat on top of the hill. That's why I figger I go to mountain. Lots of bunch. We come back quick. I don't know Mrs. Harry [Lang]. She feel bad. I don't think they move."

[What does it mean, Irene growing small?] "I figger maybe when she go down to Liard maybe she got sick."

The dream came to Old Man's mind after he had been talking about Irene Wiley going to Lower Post with a white man. Old man said that while Irene was with him last winter she set traps but did not visit them again.

126 A daily journal was also kept in order to record the temporal sequence of events for future study as well as note their immediate impression on the ethnographer.

124 To increase the amount of verbalization by informants, with the aim of securing information about a wider range of behavior, a series of one hour interviews were conducted with a limited number of subjects willing to cooperate. Nine such subjects were secured but many of these could not be prevailed upon to continue the procedure after two or three hours. With one person interviews were conducted throughout the summer and early fall for a total of over fourteen accumulated hours. During the first interviews the person was invited to tell the story of his or her life. It was quickly evident that most of the Indians

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4. Expressions of shock and other manifestations of discomfort and indirect rejection appear when the shading cards are presented.
5. A decline in the number of popular responses appears with the shading cards
6. Texture is avoided as a determinant with the shading cards.

The shading cards are Cards I, IV, V, VI, and VII. Although Card I is not as significant as the others for determining shading shock, since the novelty of the inkblots may influence the subject's reaction to this initial stimulus, it may be included in order to balance the number of shading and other cards. A comparison of the two sets of cards for adults in terms of the criteria of shading shock is given in Table 18.

TABLE 18. EVIDENCE OF SHADING SHOCK IN ADULT KASKA RORSCHACH RECORDS

Sign	*Per Cent of Responses*	
	Shading Cards	*Other Cards*
Proportion of total responses	43	56
Proportion of poor form responses	51	49
Proportion of outright rejections	43	57
Proportion of popular answers	40	60
Proportion of texture responses	47	53

Except in the case of outright rejections, the evidence indicates that Kaska adults as a whole did more poorly in the case of the shading cards than with the rest of the blots. That we do not find expected differences in the percentage of outright rejections is probably due to the fact that the non-shading cards contain the color blots, whose heavy rejection has already been discussed in connection with color shock. A summary of the performances of seven adults, prepared with special reference to the shading cards, reveals the uneasiness occasioned by these stimuli and also gives evidence of indirect rejection manifested in expressions of shock and discomfort.

PAULETTE DONNELLY

Card IV. "I don't know this one." Then a pause and finally a response.

Card VI. "I don't know this one." The card was rejected. The record contains no other initial or total rejection.

HANS DONNELLY

Cards I and VI. Rejected without comment. There were no other rejections.

DICK MOUNTAIN

Card I. Rejected.

Card IV. "My gee, what's this now? I never see like this in this country. I don't know. Don't know." The card was rejected.

Card V. Rejected.

Card VI. "Gee whiz! Don't get nothing out of this." Rejected.

Card VII. Immediately the subject exclaimed: "Oh, nothing." He refused the card vigorously.

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OLD KEAN

Card IV. "Funny thing. Something like lake. Just like sometimes a man coming up that lake. Injun scared like hell." The subject digressed to speak of a mythological carnibalistic frog.

Card V. "I never see this country like this. Someplace something different too. Just like man. He do something in lake. . . ."

Card VII. "I guess devil like that. Old Devil, he make everything. God make good thing . . . this country I never see that one."

RIVER JOE

Cards V and VII. Rejected. One other rejection occurred in the record (Card X).

EDWARD PRINCE

Rejected all the cards till Card V, gave a response to that and rejected VI and the three all-color cards.

JOHN KEAN

Card IV. The first of two rejections occurred on this card; the second occurred on the second all-color card.

Card VI. "I never see that too . . . looks like bug, two teeth up here [D 7]. . . ."

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The evidence of shading shock discovered in Kaska adults' records may be interpreted as revealing a deep feeling of inadequacy or basic anxiety derived from the early experiences of the individual. We conclude that this crippling anxiety follows from the child's emotional rejection. The anxiety may also be regarded as the inhibitory fear which makes the individual recoil from any intense emotional stimuli and motivates him to erect rigid barriers, like those revealed in the high *F* per cent, and defenses such as we have discussed in connection with the other dominant motivations. It is from this point of view that all of the dominant motivations may be perceived as defenses adopted against threats to still more basic needs, like security and self-esteem.

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Release of emotional isolation. Several opportunities occur in Kaska life for the relaxation of defenses against emotional stimulation and the expression of relatively strong emotion in interpersonal relations. Gambling, with its opportunities for releasing aggression, is a situation in which the stimulation of company is greatly relished. Intoxication, as already indicated, reduces the conscious threshold of a number of inhibitions and is a condition in which emotional reactions are readily released. Dancing, with its opportunities for sexual and physical contacts, probably owes a large share of its popularity to the fact that it permits the release of isolating defenses, breaks down detachment, and facilitates bodily contact between young people of opposite sex. Visiting, idling, and potlatch groups have similar functions in partially breaking down social detachment. The whole summer period, in fact, holds opportunities and promises for closer personal relations.

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Why should the breakdown of emotionally isolating defenses be enjoyed? The very fact that situations affording release are so popular suggests that the Kaska Indian is not completely satisfied in his way of life, that the guarantees afforded by social detachment also impose a frustration on "natural" tendencies. Whether such tendencies are innate or

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APPENDIX A: PERSONALITY MATERIALS

128 OUR purpose in this appendix is to throw into relief five Kaska individuals, three men and two women. For most of these we have some autobiographical material to illustrate how their personalities developed. The P-data sheets for four of these persons also reveal their personalities in action. While we also have abundant personality data for Nitla, sufficient interpretations of his behavior have already been given to make any further analysis repetitious.

We shall see that although all of these Indians possess relatively similar world and self-views, in each idiosyncratic factors cause different expressions of the dominant motivations. Just as every individual in a society is conditioned by the social group in which he is born, so every person is also influenced by personal experiences. We do not assume that any of these subjects are typical of Kaska society, although one or another may be closer to some aspects of the ideal norm than others. Nor can it be said that they have all been selected from the more atypical, extraversive, or articulate members of the group, although the absence of a proportionate number of women certainly indicates some degree of unavoidable selection. Nitla, however, is certainly not a cultural deviant. Apart from the fact that the culture facilitated work with men, selection operated in the choice of subjects to the extent that potential collaborators had to belong to the Upper Liard tribe or camp on the north bank of the river where the ethnographer's residence was maintained. Practical difficulties made this limitation essential, but does not necessarily produce biased results. In the future it would certainly be desirable to repeat observations with members of other tribes.

The order for each subject will be to present first an autobiographical sketch which, for convenient reading, has been edited and arranged in proper sequence. No autobiography was obtained from Louisa Man. Little attempt has been made to transform life history material into literary narratives. Following this sketch, the Rorschach scores of all but one subject (no record was obtained from Harry Lang) will be given and interpreted. Finally, we will describe how each of these subjects, Nitla excepted, behaved during the term of field work, drawing upon the P-data sources for dreams, conversational remarks, and illustrative incidents. An analysis will seek to relate this behavior to the dominant motivations already described.

OLD MAN

Autobiographical Sketch

● 159 My father's father, Whiskers, was a Tagish Indian. He was born in Tagish country—maybe west of Whitehorse near the salt water. He often talked about salt water to his children. One year he put up nearly ten thousand salmon for the winter, he told us. Whiskers lived to be about eighty-four and then died at Ross River. My father's mother was also a Tagish Indian. She was one of Whiskers' four wives and her name was Šandma—Old Dog Mother.

My mother's father, Tsistsaza—Long Hair Man, belonged to the Liard River country and told me many stories about his people. He died about the time the Yukon gold rush

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passed through this country (1898). He was very old before he died but still traveled around in a dugout. For many years he had been known as a good trapper and traded at McDame Creek, where there were many miners. He used to wear his hair long and still had the scars in his ears and nose where earplugs and septum plugs had been worn. His brother-in-law, Enainta—Big Speaker (Chief), was headman. I don't remember anything about my mother's mother. She died before I was born. 159

My father, Kendekas, or Walks in a Rough Place, was born at Ross River where he helped his father fish. Upon growing up he met a girl from the Liard River country, River Joe's sister, who had come to the Pelly country to fish for salmon. He stayed with her and came down here to live. Later he went to Dease Lake where he worked, packing things by horse to the miners up McDame Creek. One of these miners was Dan McDames, who had been the first man to find gold at McDame Creek.

I was born at the head of the Liard River about two years after my mother and father had returned from Dease Lake. They returned to the Upper Liard with my older brother, Sam. My folks died when I was three years old. When I was just a little bit of a kid, I couldn't walk yet, I started to run someplace. I fell and hit my head on a stump. You can see the hole yet. Maybe that's why I grew so small. Another time my brother called me to come but I couldn't walk, I just crawled to him. My father died first. He was head sick. Then my mother died of stomach trouble. I can still remember my mother coughing but I never thought about sickness. They took my mother out to the brush. My father's brother helped carry her body and then he helped raise me. I had nobody to cry to when I was small; I tried to make toboggan for myself, a small one, but I burned it by putting it too close to the fire. When I was a small child I was shy. I had no true mother and there was nobody to make anything for me. Once, when I was a little boy, we came down to Lower Post and some white people gave me chewing tobacco and yeast bread. Those things smelled so strong that I left them lying alongside the trail. Pretty soon my uncle came behind me. He saw this stuff and brought into it camp. When he asked me why I had left tobacco and bread lying by the trail, I told him they smelled so strong that I figured they weren't good. That time people didn't care much for white grub anyway. That time they were killing kids down here in Lower Post, calling them witches. They didn't want me to get killed, so they took me to Pelly River.

Once, when I was small, there were many people sleeping in the camp. A little hunt dog that came from the Tahltan was sleeping next to the fire. Suddenly my mother called everyone and said: "Look, wolf!" Sure enough, a wolf was sneaking up to the camp. Nobody had a gun. The wolf sneaked up to the fire and grabbed the half-starved dog. He bit him in a good place, so that the dog could let out only one squeal. Then the wolf packed the dog away. As he began to eat, a Selkirk Indian in the next camp shot and killed the wolf. He covered the animal with a mountain of snow—like a coffin—and said: "Don't let anybody come around that place. That's danger there." My mother [mother's sister] wouldn't let us go there. The next day we moved the camp. That's what the Selkirk Indian told us to do. Another time, when I was a little bit of a boy, I was packing meat. I had only a little pack but I became played out. Still I kept on going. It was moonlight and my brother was walking ahead of me. Suddenly I heard a noise. Wolves coming! I thought there must be

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159 fifty. I became frightened and yelled to my brother as loud as I could. My brother came back with a gun. He fired and a wolf dropped right behind me. Every one of them fell as my brother fired. That stopped the pack. My mother used to warn us children not to go out at night. She told us if we went out after dark, the last thing people would hear would be our yells when an eagle carried us up in the air.

After a while I went to Ross River to live with my mother's sister and her husband. This was the first year that the trader had started a post on an island in the river. Four years later they moved the post a half-mile to the Pelly River. I remember it was winter and we went there with toboggan, the people dragging it because there were few dogs then. There were many Indians camping at the post. The storeman, Dan, had bunks in the house for the Indians. When we got there we saw many things. That year we stayed at the post for two nights. The storeman promised to raise me when I was ready to live with him.

159 538 At this time my mother told me many stories. She told me about a woman who could never snare any gopher but would come home empty-handed and eat lice. She grew weaker and weaker. Finally, the lice started coming out of her nose. The people thought that she must have swallowed them without chewing and the lice continued to live inside her body. [55] Finally the woman died. When I was small my mother had many lice. People that time could never get rid of them; they didn't even try, but just picked and chewed them. My brother always used to eat marrow with a scissors. He was only five years old. One cold day, the scissors froze against his lower lip. He cried for his mother and they put boiling water on the metal to free it. Later water came out of his lip.

159 Soon I started trapping for the first time. I had about twelve traps, including ten iron traps that Dan gave me. We went to Pelly River and I caught ten marten. We came to Pelly Banks, where there was a small post run by Mr. Mail. Here I bought a .22. I was going to buy a big gun, but my brother told me it would be too heavy. Towards spring my uncle died from a hole in the side of his body through which rotten stuff poured. He thought that, because he had taken away a man's gun, somebody was making bad medicine for him. The man had owed him some money. It was April when he died and we were living in an open camp. They took him to Pelly Banks, where the white people insisted on building a coffin for the body.

In the summer my aunt went to Ross River, remembering Dan's promise to bring me up. Dan took me away from my folks and brought me to his home across the slough. He was going to raise me because he had no son. I was wearing ragged clothes. Dan and another man threw away my clothes. They bathed me and gave me nice things to wear. My aunt cried but I didn't. I was satisfied and figured I was going to live good. The next morning I began to help Dan plant spuds. My mother missed me and I could hear her crying every evening on the island across the slough where many Ross River Indians were living. She was really my aunt, but just the same as my mother. The Indians were living on store grub and in open camps—just a tarp covering bedding and other stuff. Although my mother had nine sons, two of them married, she still missed me because I had done a lot of work around the [186] camp. She didn't want me to live with the white man because she wanted me to be an Indian, like an old timer. She thought that after she died I would look after my sister [cousin]. She knew I was good hearted and kind.

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In August my mother still had quite a few marten that her husband had trapped. She 159
came to see Dan with the skins and said: "I'll give you three hundred dollars to buy my kid back. He's my sister's son." A half-breed was the interpreter. Dan said: "I don't want your money. We'll give you back your son in two days." Then they gave me back to her. They also gave her a pile of blankets and plenty of grub. They gave me back because my mother cried so much. I went with her toward Pelly River and we stayed there for two years. I trapped marten and some lynx.

I never thought about girls and marriage. I just looked to my traps. I never got into any fights. Then my mother died of indigestion. Her daughter's husband, my brother-in-law took her down to Pelly Banks and buried her near where my uncle was buried. We stayed at Ross River a while, trapping the country, and then came down close to Frances Lake where we found the tracks of many people. We followed the tracks and found Enainta's son. This was the first time they had come to Frances Lake. Usually they lived in the Hyland River country. We stayed with them till spring came on and then the old chief called a meeting. He talked a long time about how wise people had been in the old days and how good the old people had been in caring for widows. The chief took me and said I was going to help him till he got old. I worked with him for about a year. Then my cousin, Little Willy, saw me and I went down to Lower Post with him. We went to the Hyland River to trap; Skipper came along too. We came back to hunt beaver on the Liard around Albert [Cormier] Creek, where the bridge is now.

When my brother [cousin], Willy, was full grown, he suggested we go down to Fort Liard. So we walked through Hell's Gate Canyon and then made a scow. I was about twenty-five years old then. Fort Liard was a nice place. We bought an outfit and I decided to come back again in two or three years. Then we went to Fort Nelson. The post was on the east bank near the mouth of the Muskwa River. Here we met people who were very much like 159
the Fort Liard people, but nicer. I figured I'd get married here, having my eyes on a nice 836
girl, Marie. Her father was white and her mother came from Fort Norman on the Mackenzie. She left the key to the house for me and I went there about twelve o'clock at night. I climbed up the ladder to her room. Downstairs her folks were drunk. I stayed with her that night. I went home in daylight and came back the next night. We did this until one time her mother came upstairs and found me. She asked me if we were going to be married and I said we were. Her mother said that was all right. But Marie's father didn't want it. He wanted Marie to marry a white man.

I came back to Lower Post and found Oscar Anderson running the store here. I worked 159
for Anderson a long time, helping around the store, hauling wood and water, cleaning, and 464
working in the garden. He treated me fine and always gave me a drink. One time Old Anderson met me when I was so drunk that I couldn't walk but crawled. He asked: "Can I carry you home?" "No," I said, "I can make it." The next day he asked me: "What were you drinking?" I told him, two bottles of rum. He said that was all right but warned me not to drink home brew. "You'll kill yourself that way," he promised. In the winter time I trapped for fur.

Then, one summer, I went to work tracking boats up Dease River for the Hudson's Bay Company. Since then I haven't been off the river for a single year until this summer.

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159 464 Any strangers coming from Telegraph Creek knew me as a good river man and they'd hire me to take them down to Lower Post.

159 437 A few years later I went back fo Fort Liard to sell some skins. Before I went I bought a little outfit. Oscar helped me. He gave me good advice. "Don't trade for credit," he said, "They cheat you every time. If the storeman doesn't use the scale make him use it. Tell him we're going to report him if he doesn't use it." At that time the storeman in Fort Liard never used money. He just wrote and said: "You've got so much." Old Anderson warned me: "If he does that, you can ask for cash." I took about twenty skins to Fort Liard. Old Kean came too. He had about thirty beaver. I sold my fur and the storeman started to write it down. "You've got one hundred dollars in skins." he said. "What do you mean?" I asked. "You'd better give me cash." "This is just as good as cash," the storeman replied. "We want our money," I told him. When he went to the till he said. "I have only two hundred dollars here." I told him: "You're not going to use that for yourself, that's for the Indians." The Fort Liard Indians looked at us. He gave us all that money but said: "You'll spoil the Fort Liard Indians." "Should be all over the country like that," I told him.

159 797 In Telegraph Creek I had met Pallgrave, the Protestant churchman, who baptized me. When I got to Fort Liard I met Father Crouard. He warned me not to believe what the Protestant missionaries said about the Catholics and said the Protestants were wrong in what they preached. He asked me if I wanted to be baptized and I agreed. Later I told Pallgrave that Father Grouard had baptized me. He became angry and said I had already been baptized a Protestant.

159 481 One time I ran eighty miles across the portage from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake. I started at seven o'clock in the morning and got there about half-past seven at night. only stopped for a little lunch. Gosh, when I got there, how my feet swelled up!

159 836 Four years after I started to work on the river, in 1914, I married Nelly. Her mother was a Nelson Indian and part Cree. Her father used to be in this country but went to Fort Nelson to work on a boat. Her parents had moved back to Lower Post about two or three years before. We were engaged for two years and when I wasn't in Telegraph Creek or working on the river I slept with her. In the winter I trapped with Nelly's father thirty miles down the Liard, near the Muddy River. My brother said: "You stay here too long just playing. You better marry her." Then we stayed together in front of everybody. She was a good wife and a good worker. In 1915 we had our first kid, a boy.

159 When I was first married and had only one child, I was like all young fellows. I didn't try to rustle but lay around most of the time. I hunted all right but gave all the meat away. My brother warned: "You're going to wake up yet." My wife then gave birth to a girl. I asked my brother for a hundred dollars to buy an outfit. He said: "You won't get it." He let me have fifty dollars to buy some stuff. We didn't carry much grub, a hundred pounds of flour was enough for me. I bought a case of milk and other stuff. That kid liked to eat all the time. My brother said: "You'd better rush." One time I made seventy lynx. That was during the first war and prices were way down. I got about four dollars for a lynx and two dollars for a good black marten. Nelly gave birth to three children. We were trapping near Teslin Lake when she died of flu in 1919.

My mother-in-law took care of the children and sometimes I lived there too. I used to

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talk fun to my father-in-law, but he was always kind of shy and old fashioned in his ways. My wife's youngest sister, Agnes, who was only sixteen, helped me. She used to cook for me but was too shy to sleep with me. When I tried to talk fun with her, she became angry and ran away. In 1921 Agnes agreed to marry me. A few years later Father Allard came to this country. He was always after me and the other people to get married in church. Finally I asked: "Why not get married yourself? Why do you want to stay single all the time?" The priest looked at me a long time. Then he said: "You must be crazy." I got married in the church at McDame after I started to hunt for Father Allard. He used to pay me for the meat I brought.

One day, while we were camping at River Joe's place, Agnes came to the tent. She was nearly crying because River Joe had accused her of being stingy. She always watched the grub carefully and had refused to give him some coffee.

Winter time we trapped up the Dease River. One summer I got a job in a mine around McDame Creek. My job was to roll gold-bearing ore out of the tunnel—an easy job. They paid me eight dollars for an eight hour day. River Joe found me working there and also wanted to get a job. I told him to see the boss. He worked in the mine two days. Then he said: "I'm a damn fool to work here. I got lots of money down at McDame." I warned him not to talk like that; the boss might hear him. Joe answered: "I just talk fun." But I saw the boss watching us. That night Joe was fired. "You got enough money," the boss told him. "What's the matter, you crazy?" Joe blustered. But the boss wouldn't have him back. We quit work on the tenth of October.

Sometimes, Saturdays, they took out a bottle. "No good for Indian," they explained. "That's right, no good for Indian," I answered. They would take some drinks. Then they would give me a couple. "That's enough," they'd say. Good old fellow, that boss. Sundays he always sent me out for goats. "You take salt," he told me. "Salt good, goats come around." He just talked fun. I got goats every time I went up the mountain. There were many goats up there.

One day River Joe's brother, Old Wiley, came to the mine. He saw me tip the ore cart over and thought I had been killed. He went home and told my wife—his sister-in-law—that I was dead. A couple of days later, Agnes came down to the mine. She saw me and started to laugh. "I came to see your body," she said. "We had twelve moose drying. My mother said: 'Go to see his body.'" My wife stayed at the mine for two nights. When she left, the boss gave her lots of extra grub to take home—enough for four dog packs.

A year or so later, I took a party of Americans up to Frances Lake. They carried a big outfit. "You fellows can't eat all those fourteen tons," I told them. "We're twelve men," one of them said. Gosh, they had a big load. Then I started working for Bill Strong, freighting on the Dease. Once we went down the Stikine to Wrangell. I had a good time there. All the young fellows treated me. They took me into the bar and lined up many glasses of beer in front of me. They told me to drink them. "Too much," I said, "I can't drink all that!" But they insisted, and I drank it all down like water. We drank all night till I was broke. Then we went out. We came to a place where they had been laying cement. There was a fence around the wet stuff, but one young fellow jumped into the wet cement and sank down to his knees. His friends pulled him out but his shoes remained stuck in the cement.

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159 [262] When I was in Wrangell, a Tlingit Indian asked me to come to his house to eat. They served seal meat. I didn't like the smell of the hind quarter they put on my plate. It smelled terribly strong. Anyway I ate it. The next time I saw this man, he asked me to eat with him, but I couldn't touch the meat. Later Bill Strong went to Juneau. There they put me on the radio and I talked with somebody in Seattle. One day I saw a one legged beggar sitting on the ground in Juneau. Everybody who passed threw him some money. So I sat down at a corner too and collected nearly a dollar until Bill Strong came along and found me.

Winter time we began to trap up the Liard River. That was my grandfather's country and I wanted my children to grow up here. For a long time I used to trap in British Columbia but too many kicks started coming. They talked about registering. Billy Barre got fined. He was trapping on the other side of the river and the policeman caught him. I told Billy "If I stay here, I'll get fined too. I'd better go away." Indians are not supposed to have to register. Its Billy's fault. He went after the policeman and signed that registration book. Up on the Liard I never had any trouble, except that my family died off.

In 1930 I lost my wife from heart trouble. She died in her sleep. She had borne about six children and my mother-in-law again looked after them. Gosh, I felt bad. I got drunk and stayed drunk, and even tried to kill myself. Little Louisa cried all night. My old boss, Oscar Anderson, told me: "You're going to be just the same. You're not going to live forever." Then my daughter died. A priest came up the river and he ordered me to open the girl's coffin. "Why do you want me to do that?" I asked him. The priest said he wanted to be certain that the girl had not been put to death as a witch. That made me angry. "Do you think I would kill my own daughter?" I told the priest that I didn't follow such old fashioned thinking. Just before the girl died she had said to me: "Don't try to save me. I'm no good to you. I can't break trail. I can't hunt. I'm only a girl." All together I had nine daughters but just one boy. He died when he was small, perhaps from T. B. A great deal of froth came out of his mouth.

Old Wiley, my wife's sister's husband, came up to the Liard country after me, maybe ten years ago. He liked to move around all the time. When he stayed here I let him use my line across the river. He took it. I let my son-in-law use that line now.

One summer a Slave woman from Fort Liard met me in Lower Post. She had lost her husband in 1934 and now asked me to marry her. At first I just helped her with clothing and food. That time my children were nearly all getting married. Anna married John Kean after her sister died. But Anna left John because he didn't treat her well. One time I came back to camp and found my cache nearly empty. I knew that John had taken my stuff and I told the police. The policeman investigated but said he couldn't do anything because John had been hungry. John still has it in for me. He told me: "You reported me many times." That's not true. I reported him only once. Later Anna married Harry Lang. Harry didn't want to trap. He still never has enough grub. One time I told his uncle, Nick Lang, that Harry doesn't want to work. Nick said that I should leave the boy alone and not help him out. He told me I'm spoiling the boy. But I can't let my grandchild starve. Once I told Harry I wouldn't help him anymore. Harry went away and stayed with his uncle, but he came back again inside of a year. His uncle is too hard to get along with. After a couple of years Harry started to bother another woman—Stella Wiley. Stella didn't want him. I told Anna not to say

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anything. "Just wait," I said. There were other men she could marry. Anna cried a little. I told Harry if he quit me, maybe I could get another son-in-law and this time one whom I wouldn't have to feed. That time a fire broke out in Stella's tent. Everybody rushed out of my cabin. John Kean rushed into the tent and threw out the three kids. Harry didn't want to help. Two years ago Harry became very ill and we had to send him to Watson Lake. He's not really well yet. [509]

Then Paulette married Hans Donnelly. Hans doesn't trap far. Winter time he goes to Simpson Lake and meets the Frances Lake Indians. He plays cards with them instead of working his trap line. With a child to take care of, he needs money. A single man can take it easy but a married man has to rustle. Last winter Hans didn't begin to trap till February. As long as the boys have some grub left they don't worry. Since three years ago, when we finished a bottle of rum and keg of fresh homebrew at Old Kean's place, Hans' stomach has been sick.

Another girl of mine was married in church to River Joe's boy, Bud. But he quit her and ran after Richard Day's sister. It's Bud's fault that he quit my daughter, but River Joe lays all the blame on the girl. The policeman gave Bud good advice when he quit his wife. He told Bud: "If you want to stop trouble, go back to your wife. You've got two children. I'll come back tomorrow. If you're sleeping alone, you'll be free." The policeman came back the next night but found Bud and the Day girl sleeping together. He arrested Bud and the girl. The girl's father reported it. The policeman asked me: "What are we going to do now?" I told him: "Do what you like, I have nothing to say. I know nothing about law."

Six years went past before I asked this Slave woman from Fort Liard to marry me. Now she didn't want to. I promised her that if we were married by the church, I would never leave her. But she was afraid of my mother-in-law. Then one day she heard my mother-in-law tell me to get another wife as she had no more daughters to give me. My mother-in-law warned me that I might lose my life. "I don't like to see you cook too long for yourself and wash your own clothes. Get yourself a woman." Nick Lang told me: "Marry that old woman. I'll help you make a living." Nick's brother, Peter, had married two of the old woman's daughters and both girls had died. Now Nick wanted someone to care for her. So this Slave woman changed her mind and we were married by Father Poullet in 1941. When we started living together I had trouble. She wanted to wear sweaters at night. She wouldn't eat from the table and she couldn't cook well. She told me I could leave her if I didn't like her ways. I said: "You should learn. Don't cook straight meat all the time." Sometimes she would start to cry. Now she is getting better. The first years after we were married she was strong, but now she is getting weaker. About five years ago she said: "Looks like you're going to have a baby." I went out and killed three moose. When I came back, she said: "Looks like I lost your baby." She had been cutting wood. I felt bad.

When they started to build Watson Lake Airport I got a job there for the spring. In the summer I went on the river again. They were handling a lot of freight on the river that year and altogether I earned about fifteen hundred dollars. Then I dislocated my hip. I couldn't walk. I suffered all winter and didn't trap much. The next spring I went to the hospital in Whitehorse—flew up on a plane. The doctor took my leg and gave it a twist. "Its going to hurt," he said. I couldn't see anything just stars. Then I heard the bone snap. It went back into place. I stayed in the hospital ten days and before I left the doctor told me [509]

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● 159 not to lift anything for about a year and not to walk too much. He also told me not to drink. Right after I left the hospital I met an old friend who told me to come with him for a drink. I drank and drank and then could hardly walk home. While I was walking through the streets I met this doctor. "What's the matter with you?" he said. I told him I had had a few drinks and he laughed. That winter I didn't trap at all.

Rorschach Record and Analysis

The quantitative results of the test given to Old Man follow:

Total Responses = 12

W	1	8.3%	M	3	25.0%	H	4	33.3%	P	7	58.3%
D	8	66.6%	FM	1	8.3%	A	3	25.0%	O	5	41.6%
Dd	1	8.3%	F+	4	33.3%	Ad	1	8.3%			
S	2	16.6%	F−	3	25.0%	AObj	3	25.0%			
			CF	1	8.3%	N	1	8.3%			

M:sum C = 3:1
(FM+m):(Fc+c+C') = 1:0
VIII, IX, X/R = 27.2%

Ap. = ((W)), D!!, Dd S!!!!
Suc. ?

Old Man's record departs in several aspects from the mean picture obtained from an analysis of the adult protocols. Most of these departures represent the influence exerted on his personality by close relationships with white men. The outstanding feature of the performance is a drive for achievement incommensurate with the subject's capacities. In Old Man's daily behavior this drive is completely verified in his greater foresightedness, his readiness to assume work for wages with white men, his predilection to form close attachments with white men, and using these friendships to secure favors. Furthermore, the record reveals greater enthusiasm, imagination, and vision than the majority of the protocols. All these self-expansive attributes, however, are integrated in a setting of only moderate ego feeling.

The complete record indicates that the attitudes that characterize Old Man's departure from his cultural norm are only superficially related to his basic personality. The drive to achievement is stifled by emotional inhibitions quite typical of other Kaska Indians. Basically Old Man is a compliant, resigned, and passive person preoccupied with concern for himself. He possesses a readiness for meeting a fairly wide range of adaptive and social problems but is not given to critical thinking. Introversion makes him rely predominantly upon inner direction rather than on environmental stimulation. The burden of a basic or primary anxiety is also present, pointing to childhood trauma, but seems to have been in some measure overcome by the assertive trends, which were probably adopted for defense and to reward the subject with a feeling of self-confidence. When the primary anxiety is aroused, as by the black-gray cards, its unsettling results show in a disorganization of performance and inner control, revealing how little capacity for struggle the man really possesses.

Intellectually, Old Man is practical minded. He has little capacity for the degree of organization to which he aspires. The interest in other people, revealed by the test, is also

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reflected in his readiness to gossip and probably contributed to making him an excellent informant. | 59

The Personality under Observation

In 1944 the ethnographer compiled a personality picture of Old Man which corresponds in many respects to the favorable picture which a number of white men in Lower Post hold of this popular Indian. The vignette follows:

> Old Man is affable and cooperative, presenting a consistently nonaggressive disposition. He manifests an alert sense of responsibility toward his family, which often serves to remind him of his growing inability to fulfill the expectations of his social role because of advancing years and illness. When his wife was ill, he showed marked depression and worry, likewise exhibiting such signs during his daughter's illness, although in the latter case he was less depressed. In his dealings with white men he often shows signs of servility, or at least extreme *politesse*. Ethically he is unimpeachable and in the ethnographer's absence was once reluctant to help himself to some carrots that we told him he could have. In discussing this incident, Old Man explained that he was afraid somebody seeing him take the vegetables would misconstrue his actions. Toward promiscuous girls he once or twice directed advice that met with little success. Yet he is reluctant to manifest himself on people who might not want his presence. If his advice is rejected, he retires without any evidence of resentment or disappointment. While this *laissez faire* attitude makes him seem rather ineffectual, it at least spares him the bitter resentment directed against someone like Nick Lang. It is doubtful if Old Man feels ineffectual. He tends to deplore the lack of initiative in the mission and church chiefs and seems to possess courage that he does not express for fear of being criticized by the community. He wants to be liked; when intoxicated he never shows hostility. At such times his ever present tendency to tease and joke becomes more pronounced. To friends he preaches a doctrine of slow drinking—"like white people." His contacts with white men have been close but he does not exploit his favorable position in this segment of the community.

Such was our impression of Old Man in 1944, after about three months of close but not intimate contact. In many respects it is a superficial picture, and one largely predicated on the notion that personality denotes the stimulus value of an individual. The true importance of many of the behavior manifestations accepted at their face value was apparent the following year, after analysis became more intense. Thus we know that Old Man does feel ineffectual and lacks the courage we generously ascribed to him. We also had no inkling of the undercurrent of hostility which the personality contained. The observation, that Old Man never sought to exploit his relations with whites, while accurate, is now known to be incomplete. What was not realized at the time was that any too manifest dependence on whites was antithetical to his basic personality. Old Man is remarkably successful in indulging dependence without making himself unduly submissive. Even his servility is not self-debasing and succeeds in making him popular with white trappers, for example, permitting him to buy liquor when it is withheld from other Indians.

During the field work period of 1945, Old Man's dreams, verbalization, and other behaviors were studied with the aim of ascertaining the dominant motivations of his personality. Besides revealing a tendency to passivity in the face of his growing physical de-

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159 bilities, the data show Old Man's unconscious hostility and his subjective relationship to the ethnographer.

Early in June, before rapport was firmly reestablished, Old Man showed a tendency to deny anxiety by passive dependent attitudes. "I had good rest last winter. My leg bother me and Harry Lang never let me go out." Harry, he said, did most of the trapping. Despite this assistance, Old Man admitted being "broke" except for what money his wife had earned and on which the family would live during the summer. He denied worrying.

159 787 Five weeks later there was a dream in which Old Man assisted a girl to give birth by pressing down on her abdomen. He pressed lightly for fear of injuring the girl. Soon he heard a wailing and somebody said "Baby born!" In the morning Old Man told his wife: "Maybe you're going to have baby." She denied this, saying she was too old. Asked what the dream meant, Old Man replied that a baby would be born sometime (but not soon) and that it would be difficult to deliver. Such a dream can be interpreted as a desire to have a child. Children, as we have pointed out, are regarded as of economic value. The dream reminds Old Man that if he had a boy old enough to hunt, he might be able to retire with less anxiety. The dream also suggests a realization of failing sexual powers. The subject's own interpretation indicates his awareness that all of the dream's wishes are far-fetched.

159 [158] As the summer went on, Old Man began to drink compulsively, using three hundred dollars of his wife's money to pay for liquor. Such behavior can be regarded as a manifestation of passive trends. On August 3 he complained of his eyesight and spoke of the big money he had earned while working on Watson Lake Airport. The next day he stated that, although he used to be a good moose hunter, his eyes now hindered such activities. The previous fall he had been lucky to get a moose by shooting without being able to see the sights of his gun. Another time he had gone hunting with his wife and shot into a herd of caribou, managing to bring down ten. He said he wanted to buy glasses and wondered if the ethnographer could lend him some money. On August 12 there was an anxiety dream characterized by 159 hostile trends such as Old Man never directly reveals.

787 "Fellow—I don't know his name, I forget—got shot, wounded. A tall fellow, white man. Hardly he live. He got shot in here [points to chest]. My partner [mentions the name of Marie Nolan's white husband] say: 'Here, Old Man, this is white man way. We don't want to see anything suffer. How about we finish his life?' I say: 'We got no gun.' He say: 'I gonna put eight inch nails on a pole. When the boy suffer I gonna turn it in here [points to back].' He hit the man here [points to back]. Nail go in his body. White man just fall down like that and he says: 'Good bye. . . .'"

The dream occurred while Old Man was away from home. There were no clear associations, but Old Man characterized the dream as "bad," explaining that he had been thinking about people drinking in Lower Post. Aggressive impulses, fulfilled by another person, and anxiety are the principal features of the dream in which the dreamer takes the passive role, reflecting the weakening of the ego capacities. The dream also reflects aggression toward the ethnographer, the tall white man whose name could not be recalled. The suggestion of active pederasty, represented by the nail boring into the victim's back, should also not be overlooked and probably points to the beginning of Old Man's homosexual transference to the ethnographer.

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The next day, while drunk, Old Man pointed out the fact that he never becomes aggressive when intoxicated and criticized Louis Maza for drunken hostility. "What's the matter Injun? Why can't he drink?". This remark is interpretable as identification with the ethnographer. When the liquor was depleted he said: "If I was girl I get something easy. Just knock on any door. Should be I dress like old woman and go around." Further passivity is revealed in this manifestation of homosexual tendencies. On August 14, while drunk, there was an overt homosexual approach to Edward Prince. As Old Man bent over the latter he said: "I'm gonna take his worm," and gestured toward the young man's genitals. On August 22, while en route to the winter settlement with the ethnographer, drinking commenced at the Bridge, and Old Man said he preferred to drink with white people who never became aggressive. "I'm shamed of my own people." He also wanted to be assured that his own behavior under the influence of alcohol was perfect. These tendencies show the growing intensity of a passive homosexual transference to the ethnographer.

In the next few days Old Man several times told, with evident pleasure, how he had shot willow grouse pointed out to him by Elsie Lang. There followed a series of dreams expressing hostility and anxiety, all characterized by the speaker receiving support from a stronger person. While these dreams resolved immediate problems arising from Old Man's quarrel with John Kean, they also reflect the general weakening of egocentricity. Independent goals were giving place to dependence. On September 9, when the ethnographer suggested that Louis Maza looked worried, Old Man interrupted with a plea for sympathy, saying: "I worry all the time."

On September 14 (at Old Kean's place) Old Man remarked that perhaps Peter Tom would soon join the people going upriver. Then he said:

> "I dream Peter give me revolver . . . I dream one Carcross Injun wants to fight us. So we scared. No use somebody kill us. Maybe I just worry about gun. So this Peter Tom give me revolver to kill this man. 'No use have trouble till I die.' I say. 'What you want to give me gun for?'"

The reference, "worry about gun," is an immediate association to the previous evening, when Adele Kean, drunk, had threatened to shoot her husband's brother, with whom she had been living. A day or so previously, Old Man had referred to Adele as a Selkirk Indian stranger and had declared that all the women of her tribe were adulterous. Asked for associations to the dream, Old Man identified Peter Tom as a hard working youth on whom Louis Maza is very dependent for meat, wood, and general assistance. To interpret the dream, Old Man is again letting somebody handle his aggressive impulses for him, but he is also revealing anxiety at his growing incapacity. He needs somebody like Peter Tom to lean on and to hunt for him, somebody with strength and resourcefulness (revolver).

On the same day Old Man repeated a folktale which he had already related to the ethnographer the previous year. In the tale a man's wife cheats her blind husband out of food. The old man is befriended by his medicine animal, a loon. The man climbs on the bird's back and is flown across a lake. The bird then dips the old man into the water. When he emerges, the man can see a little better. Once more the bird dives, and this time, upon emerging, the man discovers he can see perfectly. The loon now directs the man to his wife, but warns him

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159 538 to avoid trouble. Upon reaching home the man in anger kills his wife. The tale was told after a conversation in which Old Man had explained that his eyes sometimes improve for brief periods. At this point Mrs. Man left the camp, and almost immediately her husband reminded himself of the story. Analysis of the tale suggests Old Man's identification with the passivity of the leading character. The story expresses the anxiety and hostility engendered by the growing dependence of old age in which egocentricity has largely ceased to function. It also reveals that Old Man resents his growing dependence on his relatively dominant and older wife.

159 When Old Man's winter settlement was reached he began to complain of chronic sore throat and cough. Complaints about his sons-in-law also became frequent, although they were occasionally replaced by ostentatious flattery of Harry Lang. Old Man began to talk incessantly about his wife, criticizing her cooking and lack of progressiveness but also 159 praising the good care she took of him. On September 27 he said: "I figger I gonna hunt every 787 day. Can't get away." This was followed by two dreams in one night.

> "I dream I eat sardine with bone. Louis Maza he feeding me that. We have brew. He say: 'Uncle, I know you been sick for long time. That's why I feeding you this.' I start to eat sardine with home brew.
>
> "Lots more I dream. I dream on Harry. He say: 'You drink all my home brew up.' He cut me all over with a knife. I'm scared . . . After, Harry start to cry. 'I don't like to do that, make you suffer.' 'Oh,' I say, 'maybe heal up anyway.'"

No associations were forthcoming, other than the expressed fear that Harry (who was away hunting) would resent the fact that his father-in-law had taken some home brew. The second dream points directly to anxiety and dependence, with unconscious hostility toward a son-in-law, who will not fulfill his socially expected role. Old Man has nobody on whom to support his failing egocentricity. In the first dream he envies Louis Maza and indulges in regressive passive receptive oral behavior reminiscent of infancy, while in the second he steals a drink, another piece of regressive dependent behavior.

An unusual note of lack of customary optimism was struck on October 25, when Old Man left to set a fish net and to scout for moose. The ethnographer called out: "Good luck!" Old Man replied: "I don't know if I have good luck or not." On November 22 he dreamed that his wife "Have baby. She's sick. Maybe I think she's sick too long. Old woman [Metša] spirit comes back in baby [reincarnation]. Maybe she [his wife] get better in few days. I dream poor baby cry around. She want mama pretty bad. I tell her she too old for him. That baby come right to bed . . . " Several wishes are interrelated in this dream. Here is again a wish for a child and an expression of sexual inadequacy, followed by a desire for rebirth or rejuvenation. Old Metša had died a week or so previously but for Old Man the threat of death is now denied. The dream also expresses anxiety over the illness of his wife, on whose emotional comforts Old Man is ambivalently dependent. Three days later Old Man spoke of how he had attempted suicide following the death of his earlier wife.

From the end of November dreams reflect Old Man's anxiety concerning the ethnographer's forthcoming return to Lower Post and his trip out of the Cassiar. On November 27 Old Man reported: "I get scared last night. I hear dog team coming, lot of noise. Great big bell, too. I wake up. I say: 'Mama, dog team coming. Half past one too!' She hold me.

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"What's the matter with you?' she say." Asked the meaning of the dream, he replied: "Means anytime some stranger coming." Did he remember such a visit by dog team late at night? "I was thinking about Nick Lang coming about eleven o'clock at night last winter." Then too he had dreamed that someone would come. "I'm dreaming about Nick before he's coming. We was drunk." Who else might be coming? "Maybe Peter Tom coming anytime this time." The dream is difficult to interpret beyond pointing to its obvious significance in relation to the forthcoming departure of the ethnographer which had been delayed by Peter Tom's failure to come upriver and guide us down. There is apparently also anxiety related to the lack of visitors; Old Man fears the loss of his popularity. The association to Nick Lang is not clear.

But why should Old Man be anxious about the ethnographer's departure? Two explanations can be given. In the first place, the unconscious transference to the ethnographer must be recalled. This unconscious, passive, homosexual relationship is threatened by the ethnographer's plans to leave. In the second place, the ethnographer's departure is being held up by the fact that there is no one to guide him and his family back to Lower Post. Harry Lang is not ready to depart. Food is running short, and the guests are becoming impatient. Old Man fears that these attitudes threaten deference; they may lead to dislike on the ethnographer's part if the latter's imputed egocentricity continues to be frustrated. Hence the anxiety.

The following night Old Man dreamed that a well known white man from Lower Post had come up the river to the winter settlement. He reported this dream ruefully, explaining that the man had wanted twenty dollars which Old Man owed him for the boat trip up the river. In the dream Old Man refused to pay, explaining that he had practically walked half the distance. The white man, however, insisted on collection. The dream seems related to financial anxiety. Old Man at the time wanted to visit his traps but was unable to leave because of his wife's illness. The situation also reveals threatened deference; by not paying his debt, as by not successfully helping the ethnographer, Old Man is imperiling his reputation and inviting loss of love. On November 30 Old Man said:

> "Well, I dream Stella Wiley. That much high bed [indicates]. She tied up on leg. Her body down on the floor. I say: 'What's the matter with you, Stella?' 'I been suffer like that all winter.' 'You better take that rope off,' I say. 'I can't uncle.' Here it is lock. Somebody lose that key." Asked what this dream might mean, Old Man replied: "I don't know. Maybe she's sick." What kind of bed was Stella associated with? "Like your bed [pointing], but high." Where did he ever see a bed like this? "I never see bed like that. I know bed is larger, maybe four feet high. Stella's got long leg. I try to find key, I want to take it out. She say: 'I been like that for a whole year.' They got chain right across both legs. Maybe she's suffer, sick." Where did he ever see a chain like this? "You see chain anyplace. When you lock a house. You see chain in front of Harry Lang's home. They had little chain like that. They file it now." Old Man explained that Harry had lost or forgotten the key that was a part of the chain. Where did he ever see a leg raised like that? "I hear white people, when they got no place in jail, just hang little while. Used to be, when they got no place to put it." At this point Old Man was reminded that on the previous evening he had been talking about the custom of tying witches by the legs. Was this perhaps connected with the dream? "Must be," he answered. "Maybe that's why I dream."

The associations are to the ethnographer's bed, the chain and lock for which Harry

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159 787 Lang had lost the key, and the chaining of prisoners. The manifest content of the dream also refers to Old Man's conversations regarding witch torture and to a previous conversation in which he had told the ethnographer about his son-in-law, Harry, making sexual advances to Stella, whereupon she had repulsed him. This in turn had made Harry extremely hostile toward the girl. Interpretation reveals this to be an anxiety dream in which Old Man is once more concerned with the ethnographer's enforced stay upriver. The ethnographer is in Stella's position, being locked in a situation for which Harry has a key—i.e., we are dependent upon this man's decision to go to Lower Post. This leads directly to another aspect of interpretation. Old Man is anxious regarding Harry Lang. He cannot get rid of Harry, who often domineers him. In the dream Old Man identifies with Stella Wiley, whom Harry once sought to attack, and remembers the period of witch-fear during which some of Harry's relatives were prominent witch-hunters. Old Man's hands are tied in relation to his hostile son-in-law. He defers to the youth and would like to escape the condition, but in the dream there seems to be little likelihood that he will be able to manage. Finally the dream reflects Old Man's frustration at being kept by his wife's illness from visiting the trap line.

In the evening of the same day Old Man again referred to this dream. "I look for Stella on ice all day today—I mean animal." He explained that sometimes a dream may indicate that a hunter is going to get some game. "If you dream you play with girl," and then go hunting, a female animal is promised. In this association Old Man reveals that the dream contains a sexual component. It involves him in sadistic sexual relations with Stella. Therefore it is an expression of his ideas concerning both sexual and hunting ability, or potency in general. The nature of these ideas is probably not congenial to the dreamer; they frustrate him. To compensate for the frustration of declining potency, the dream creates a sadistic situation in which the dreamer may inordinately gratify his desire for power. The dream regarding Mrs. Louis Mann's loss of speech followed two days later. This has already been analyzed.[1]

159 The most significant trend to be noted in Old Man's personality is the anxiety concomitant with his approaching old age. In the face of his diminishing physical resources, specifically, failing eyesight, increasing ill health, and general debility, the egocentric motivation is seen to reluctantly yield to increasing passivity and dependence. The rise of these motives, incompatible with the self-assertive goals of egocentricity, produces anxiety and frustration from which are derived his unconscious aggressive impulses. The latter in turn dare not be directly released because of their conflict with the value of deference.

HARRY LANG

Autobiographical Sketch

My earliest memory is of a trading post sitting on a very high cutbank somewhere in Nelson River country where I was born. I could see the post from the other side of the river, but I don't know where it was. The cutbank was much higher than here at Lower Post. My mother told me there was a store on the other side of the river but she never took me across. That was the first time I ever ate a stick of candy, only then I didn't know what I was eating. I remember it was very sweet.

[1] See above, pp. 267–268.

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Ever since I was about three years old my grandmother raised me. My dad quit mama and then mama quit me. She didn't like me, so it was up to grandmother to keep me. At the place where I saw that cutbank with the trading post on top, I also for the first time saw people hauling moose up the river. The storeman on the other side yelled to our people. "Moose swimming down the river." I think that's what he said but I was too young to understand. Old Charlie MacDonald and his people got in a big boat and followed the moose down the stream. I heard Charlie's father holler to the moose: "Take my bullet, that's the best bullet." In about three or four hours they brought back the meat.

My grandmother and her sister both followed one husband. My grandmother followed him around all the time. Sometimes, when she left me in camp to go out with a bunch of people, I became lonely. Once she did that and I began to cry and started out after her. Edward Cross' father, Kitsila, frightened me. He had an old muzzle loader that he filled with powder. He fired the powder at my feet. I ran home. When my grandmother came back I told her that I was going to stay with my aunt, Mildred. She told me: "Go ahead." But Mildred didn't want me. She said: "You cry too much." So I had to go back to my grandmother.

Soon my mother took me back with her again. We crossed the river to cut wood and one of our boys caught a squirrel with a sinew snare. I wanted to steal that squirrel. I wanted it for a pet to drag around and play with. We moved to some other part of the country, I don't remember where. The next thing I remember we were staying at Lower Post. My grandmother used to come here to live every summer. That time a great flu epidemic was raging. This was during the first World War. When the flu passed, a new kind of sickness hit us. People used to jump out of their homes and sit in the snow. Nobody knew when he did that. It was during this time that Madaline died. Then when spring came, in May or June, Old Cayuse's grandchild died. The boy had already killed his first moose. He used to show me how to hunt. One day he shot a duck way out on the lake. The bird drifted down and he sent me to get it. I cried because I was afraid, but he made me go. I got the duck for him and he gave me a bite of chewing tobacco for my work. That was the first time I tasted tobacco.

This was when they tortured my uncle. They called him a witch. I saw my poor uncle tied up but I didn't know why they did that. Once I tried to untie him, but the people nearly killed me for doing it. Then my grandfather, Old Lang, came to Lower Post. We camped downriver from the stores, near where the Highway runs now. The Hudson's Bay boat came in while we were at the post, and Albert Dease found out about my uncle being tied up in the woods. Albert went in there and untied him and took the boy outside. That time mama went to Telegraph Creek and Mildred went with her. Mildred came back again in August on the boat. I stayed in Lower Post with my grandmother and Mrs. Dickson. When my aunt came back we all went down the river again. I don't know where we stopped traveling, maybe at Coal River.[3] We caught up with Old Natucka and the Stone family and stayed with them to about Christmas. After that my grandfather sent word for us to come to his place. Old Stone didn't like us to go but grandma started out. Once we got lost because we followed the wrong trail, a trail that people had used to hunt and fetch meat. The next day

[3] See Figure 1.

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●159 we turned back and took the right trail. When night came we camped. The next day we reached Old Lang's camp around noon. Old Lang had gone to Lower Post and his wife gave us meat to eat. Grandma didn't feel like eating. She told her sister: "If I eat that meat I'm going to die." Mrs. Lang asked her why. She said: "I know the flying squirrel ate that meat." Mrs. Lang said: "No, you're lying." Finally grandma ate the meat. The next day grandma became sick and Uncle Tom took me over to his camp. He kept me for about three days. Meantime my grandmother died. When he took me home I saw grandma way back in the bush on a tree. I wondered when she was going to get up again and fix the bed for me. Aunt Mildred was crying but I didn't know why. Finally my aunt fixed the bed and we went to sleep. Two days later Old Lang came home. When he heard what had happened he became angry with his wife. "Tell me why you played that dirty trick on her?" he demanded. Then the old man went to cut lumber to build a coffin for the old lady. I don't know where they buried her, but they took her down the river a way. When they came back home we all pulled out. From that time on Aunt Mildred kept me. She kept me well.

[224] I remember one time when my aunt and I were setting marten deadfalls. I asked her why she was setting up all those funny looking sticks and logs. I didn't know about traps. My aunt told me: "I'm going to catch marten and buy some candy and clothes for you." It made me happy when she said that. After about a week we went out to look at the traps. There were no marten; the animals had taken the bait from the rear end of the traps. Aunt Mildred never set those traps again. We just traveled, going anyplace. That was a hard winter. Sometimes we had nothing to eat. It was hard to get moose. Once we camped with Piel who had killed a small beaver. It was the first time I tasted that kind of meat. At the next camp we made, I saw people chop the ice in order to set a beaver trap. I wondered what they were chopping the ice for. I didn't know what the trap was for either and wondered what they were going to do with that thing. While waiting for them to set the trap I got cold feet and so went home. When the people came back to look at the trap they didn't find any beaver.

We went down to the hot spring, where Old Tom Smith and Fred Allen were living. Tom Lang and Peter Lang started down to visit those white men with my aunt's dog. Old Tom Smith had put poison on the trail and our dog ate it. Now we had no dog. Madeline's brother had her two dogs, so they hauled our clothes, blankets, and grub. When spring came we went to Tobally Lakes. It was my first trip to that place. The people shot many swan there. The women cut the feet off and made little bags out of the skin. Leaving Tobally Lakes we went toward Lower Post and came to Lake Atsasta. Madeline's brother came to [762] that place. When the people found him he was crazy. His old grandmother hollered at him and he began to cry. When he cried he took a piece of flint and gashed himself on the leg—all the way up. He cut his fingers too. He did these things because he wanted to die. Leaving [177] that lake we came to Coal River. After we crossed, we went twenty miles or so up the river where we met some Mackenzie Indians—Tsatena. They lived on fish and moose up there. Uncle Tom took me with him to show me how to fish. One Tsatena gave me a big bunch of suckers. First I thought he wanted me to take them home for him, so when we got close to camp I gave them back. He told me: "You eat them." When I came home Aunt Mildred told me: "You stole those fish." I told her: "No, somebody gave them to me."

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She asked me who, and I told her. "Yatse," I said. "He's going to be your uncle," Aunt Mildred told me. "I'm going to marry him." I picked up the fish. "I'm going to give them back," I said. "He talked to me but I didn't understand why he gave them to me." My aunt told me: "He will teach you."

One day I got into a fish trap and while watching it I caught many grayling. I took them home and cooked them, guts and all. When Aunt Mildred came back I told her that I had cooked fish. She tried to eat them but gave up and threw the fish to the dogs. I cried for them, but she told me: "They would kill you." The next day we pulled out, leaving the Tastena. We went down the river and then up the Liard to Lower Post. While we were at the post, mama came back on the Hudson's Bay boat. She took me back with her. In August we started down the river again, Old Natucka, Old Stone, and Old Lang. We went forty miles down the Liard, and then Old Lang started up Iron Creek. My baby brother was born up there. I was happy when that baby was born.

Aunt Mildred went back to Watson Lake with my daddy.[3] Whenever I thought of my aunt I started to cry. Mama told me: "She's not your mother." That winter we stayed up at Baldhead Mountain and nearly starved to death. We went down again and met up with Alec, a Slave Indian from Fort Liard, and a whole bunch of people We ate moosemeat with those people until after Christmas, when Aunt Mildred came back with my daddy and my daddy's wife. We went down the river past Thirty-Mile. Old Natucka wanted us to go back to stay with him, so Aunt Mildred told mama and we went back. Old Lang didn't want me to go back but they went and took me with them. By this time they were keeping me well.

We came to Old Natucka's place and stayed with him. When spring came, my little brother took sick and they called me a witch. I didn't understand what they meant. Mrs. Piel called me that. Mama believed her and called me that too. They tied me up and hung me by the foot. Oh boy, I wish they tried that on me now! For two nights I hung there and nearly died. I heard an owl tell me: "You'll pull through!" They untied me and tied me up again. I didn't know why they were doing this to me. They asked me many questions, but I didn't understand what they wanted to find out. Once they made me go back almost thirty miles to the old camp. There they asked me: "Did you play that trick here?" "I don't know," I said. Old Madeline was up there and she told me to say: Yes." She warned me: "If you don't tell them that they're going to kill you." I believed her and told them: "Yes." Now we went back to the real camp. My hands were tied and my back was tired from traveling on the trail. They guarded me and I didn't understand why that was necessary. When we came home my little brother died. Later, while I was lying down, my hands tied and a blanket over my head, Mrs. Piel came around. The first thing I saw was my ear being cut. She was going to cut my throat—she tried but gave up. Then we started traveling. Every time we made camp my hands were tied behind my back and a blanket thrown over my face. Finally we came to a small creek, I don't remember the place, where they buried my brother. Mama pulled her scissors out. First Mrs. Piel half cut my ear and then mama finished it. She threw the piece into the fire. I could see it burning. I wished I was big! We got to Lower

[3] Here Harry is referring to his mother's brother. He was conceived from this couple's incestuous relationship.

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159 683 Post. Mama was still watching me all the time. At the post Mrs. Piel wanted to kill me again, but I got a chance to escape. Then these kids, Little Charlie and Sylvester, suggested we play boats. They asked me how I bewitched people. I didn't know what they meant. Later I saw Mrs. Piel coming with the rope. I hid in the woods then. The whole bunch started looking for me but they never found me. Sometimes they passed close by to me, but as soon as I got a chance I beat it to another place. Finally the old man became angry. "Say," he said, "If you kill that boy I'll kill the whole works!" After being in the woods for six days I came back. Then the people started down the river but mama stayed in Lower Post. I think Frank Best, the storeman, found out about me and told the Mounties. At that time Barre, a white man, came into the country and mama went to live with him. We stayed up at Dease Lake for about a year and then went to Albert [now Cormier] Creek. Barre quit mama and she went back to the post again.

159 That was the first time I saw Fred Burke, a white man. Mama sent me to Albert Creek to Mildred's cabin with a dog to get a mooseskin. I saw a trail branching off and followed it to see who was there. I came across a sleigh with a big load on it but without a dog harness. Then I saw Fred Burke and Charlie Carlson. They fed me well and asked me where I came from. I told them and they gave me tobacco which I took home to mama. After I reached home mama sent me back to them again. I gave them a chicken but they fed it to the dogs. I told them: "Mama wants help." Old Burke came with me; I think he packed my sister, Papoose. We came down to the river and the next day Charlie Carlson took us down to the head of the canyon [above Lower Post.] Charlie went back from there and we fellows went down to Lower Post. I killed a moose that I caught with a dog and mama killed another moose. When the ice started to go out, a white trapper, Bob, told me to go with him. He bought clothes and blankets for me and we went down to Coal River to hunt beaver. My job was to guide him. I showed him some things but I didn't work much. He wanted me to work but I couldn't do the things he wanted. Down at Forty-Mile we met Max Croon, who went to Coal River with us. Those two men hated each other. Bob was all right, but the German hated him. We split out one day and left Max behind. Then we came across a little creek with a beaver house. Bob jumped on the house and a big beaver came out. I told him: "Beaver come out." He grabbed his rifle and killed it. The next day we went up the creek but found no beaver. We found another creek but still no beaver. Then we came to Caribou River, where we killed many beaver. On the way back we almost starved to death. We headed for the cache at Coal River and, after reaching that place, built a raft and went down to Bob's main cabin. We waited there for Angus Hall and then built two rafts. I got onto Bob's raft but the thing swamped. Then I got on Angus' raft and it was all right. Down the river we saw a moose. Bob shot a whole box of cartridges, but couldn't get the animal. Finally we caught up the with moose and Angus Hall fired two lucky shots. There was a calf too, but when we shot it the little thing sank. Angus was sorry about the calf. "Nice soft meat," he said. After loading up the meat we went downriver again. Bob had bought the policemen's dogs—this was when the police first came into the country. The dogs smelled moose and went off into the woods. We waited two days but no dogs showed up. Now we had only one dog, Angus Hall's. We started for Forty-Mile and reached there about three days after leaving Coal River. That was the time that a plane came in, the first plane. At

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Forty-Mile we met two white men, Frank Perry and somebody they called Plasterer. From them we learned of the plane landing at Lower Post. I thought they were talking about a carpenter's plane. We headed for the post and built a raft to cross the Hyland River. I was their guide. In the evening we got to Lower Post. Two days later Bob left me to go outside.

Afterwards I saw a plane come in. There was a big noise. I didn't know where the noise came from. Then the Hudson's Bay boat arrived with Father Allard. He baptized us all. I couldn't understand why he poured water on our heads. That was when he took me outside to school. I don't remember how old I was—maybe about fourteen.

On the way to school we reached McDame Creek. I wasn't worried. My sister and two other girls were going to school with me. They were crying, but I laughed and told them that we would be back again. When we left McDame, Father Allard went ahead. Once the small boat in which we were traveling almost upset. Father Allard put us on the Hudson's Bay boat. After we left McDame, the boat with Father Allard and Nelson Charlie upset. It was night and we were camping when we heard somebody yelling down the river. Big George was captain. He told his boys: "Go up and see what happened." Nelson Charlie told them that everything had been lost; they had no blankets and no matches. They walked down to meet us and the men gave Father Allard a tent and blankets. I started to cry then.

After starting out the following morning we found half of the priest's outfit. We pulled up the boat and took the Elco along. At Porter's Landing, the boat left us and Marion from Telegraph Creek, took us to the head of Dease Lake. We were there a long time. Father Allard told us: "Caterpillar coming." I didn't know what he meant. Then I saw it coming out of the brush. I thought it was a big worm. We got on that worm and it made me seasick. My sister was all right and so were the other girls. When we got to Telegraph Creek, it looked good to me. They bathed me there and I put on new clothes. After waiting for the boat, we finally started down the Stikine River. This was the Barrington boat and, right close to Wrangell, Barrington said: "You tell Father Allard that you smell salt water." I didn't know what he was talking about.

In Wrangell we stayed with Mrs. Amos to wait for the big boat. Father took us to a farmer's camp for a meal. Here we got a good supper. After eating, I went outside to walk around. Then I saw the chickens. As far as I knew, they were wild chickens. I started to throw stones, trying to kill them, but I couldn't hit one. Father came out at last and explained that these people raised chickens. That frightened me, but the farmer had a good heart and said: "He doesn't know anything, anyway."

Soon I saw a big boat coming in. They told me: "That's the boat you're going to get on." First I thought a big island was coming. Father took us down to the boat at night. I hardly knew I was on a boat when it started to move. We came to Prince Rupert and saw many things. Here we stayed for three or four days and then the train came to take us to school.

It was morning when we reached the school. Father just put us to bed in a small room. The next morning they told us they would give us breakfast. They asked me my sister's name and I told them it was Marie. The other two girls were called Isabeth and Honey. I kept wondering why those women kept that white thing around their faces. The next spring my sister died, and the following winter little Isabeth died. Now only Honey and I were left, but the next summer they brought Felix Kean, Jimmy Liard, Joe Charlie, and Jennie

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Charlie. I had lots of friends then, but still I didn't like the nuns. I couldn't understand them. One word I understood: "Hurry up!" That's all. Later they brought River Joe's daughter, Jenny, to school and the next summer I started back home.

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When I got back to Lower Post I was sorry to see Father Allard leave me. That summer I went to a hot spring and took sick in my tonsils. Barre took me back to Lower Post to stay with my mother, only Barre was married to my aunt, Mildred, this time. For a while I lived with anybody, trying to make my living. I didn't care much about trapping. Whenever I made a little money, I spent it right away. Every summer, when he came to Lower Post, Father Allard would see me. He was going to take me out again, but he drowned the very summer that I was supposed to go. We lived across the Liard River for a while and I trapped there until Barre kicked me out. Then I trapped with Edward Prince. After that I went with Casey Jones for a while, but he got married and that left me alone again. In 1938 I got married too and went up the river. In 1939 I went down to Nine-Mile but I came back again in 1940 and I've been here ever since.

Sometimes in the winter I cook for them all. I make pie and fancy cake. I like to do that. I used to be lucky for moose. Every time I went out I got my game. Now I'm not so lucky anymore. I don't worry for myself when the grub runs out but it bothers the children. I can't let them starve. I don't think I want my boy to go to school. It's too far away. I'll teach Roger myself.

The Personality under Observation

Harry delayed a long time before giving his life story and finally did so only the day before the ethnographer's departure. Throughout our stay in his father-in-law's settlement, Harry made exaggerated gestures of generosity, giving the ethnographer game, fish, skins, and Indian manufactures for most of which he refused payment. He said, frankly, that he wanted the ethnographer to report "good word" about him when we went outside. When intoxicated, he quickly became hostile and abusive but never mistreated his wife. Two years ago he sought to leave Anna and marry Stella Wiley, but the latter refused to have him whereupon he began to abuse her verbally. He is also reported to have made sexual advances to his wife's fifteen year old sister.

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Harry is extremely proud of his relations with American soldiers and corresponds with several. Beneath his flattery of the ethnographer and of all things American, there often runs a current of hostility. Usually this is directed toward Harry himself. On one occasion, when intoxicated, he spoke of "murdering" himself, asked the ethnographer if he knew about "Murder Incorporated," and rambled on about a woman with a revolver. Harry gains this sophistication from reading picture magazines and comic books. As intoxication increased on that occasion, his aggressiveness toward the ethnographer became more direct but always remained under a cloak of ingratiation. He wanted to "please" us by offering us his brew. Then he said he would murder himself if we refused to drink. Finally he threatened to strike the ethnographer if the brew was rejected. He seized the ethnographer but wavered in carrying out his threat when Old Man started to reproach him and pull him away. In a few minutes the hostility was dropped, and Harry began to apologize profusely for having lost his head. He continued to apologize for several hours and then began to alternate

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between self-depreciation and a new attitude that emphasized his Indian status. "To hell with whites," he said, "We don't need them . . . we're better than the whites." For several weeks after this, he seemed reluctant to meet the ethnographer but continued to send gifts through his wife and her sister.

Several times Harry is reported to have threatened self-destruction. He is quite assertive to his father-in-law, whose food he readily consumes without asking, and resents any sign of Old Man's refusal to share. He also receives help from his mother's sister, Mildred Lang, but largely ignores relations with his mother. He is as indifferent about trapping as he is enthusiastic about reading. One of his favorite pieces of reading matter is *Superman*, a comic book series.

There is no question but that Harry shows stronger overt aggressive tendencies than the average Kaska male. His domineering tendency is exceeded only by the similar behavior of his uncle, Nick Lang. This atypical labile aggressiveness seems related to his particularly severe childhood frustrations and probably also to identification with his grandfather, Old Lang, who, from all accounts, was also a very assertive person. The compulsive generosity which Harry manifests is a reaction formation initiated by fundamental selfishness. Thus when the ethnographer would not accept his generosity, the refusal was interpreted as a rejection of himself and left him without means of winning the ethnographer's approval and affection. Old Man's refusals to share had similar frustrating effects. Harry's warmest relationships have been with people who offered him protection and gave him gifts. The generosity of American soldiers, the gifts of white trappers, the care of his aunt, Mildred, all symbolize the affection of which he was deprived in infancy and childhood. The best way he knows of invoking such responses is to give gifts. When this circular process of giving (to insure love) and receiving breaks down, he is once more left as utterly alone and defenseless as in childhood. Consequently such frustrations promote rage. As a child he could devise no techniques of winning his mother's approval and therefore found it possible to hate her without risking additional punishment. In adulthood he carries on the same pattern of interpersonal relations. Harry's sexual strivings also represent a search for love. His association to a woman with a revolver and the incident of homosexual behavior reported in the cultural background reveal the strongly passive trends that underlie his conscious aggressiveness. Also noteworthy is the degree to which childhood traumas have crippled his self-assertion, making him a poor trapper and leaving him dependent on interpersonal hostility for reaffirming his self-esteem.

The following folktale was begun by Harry at a drinking party shortly after we reached Old Man's place but not concluded until several months later. Although the personae identify the story as belonging to a more eastern Athapaskan culture, the tale is apparently of strong emotional significance to Harry. We will analyze that significance following the narrative.[4]

[4] Upon inquiry Harry identified the hero of this narrative as a Caribou Indian. Although he could not explain to which tribe he referred, a small band of Caribou Hide Indians are reported to trap in the area east of the head of the Stikine River, near Thutade Lake, the source of the Finlay River. This information was sketched on a map received with an accompanying letter signed by James Coleman, Inspector of Indian Agencies, Vancouver, B. C., and dated May 19, 1943. In a letter dated February 16, 1943, Harold McGill, then Director of the

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MONITŠA

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Monitša was a boy whose mother was killed by the Cree while he was still a very small child. The boy escaped from his captors and for six years lived in the brush, growing up with game. Then one day he came to the Cree camp and asked for a suit of caribou clothing. When he had received this, he invited the assembled Cree hunters to shoot at him with their shotguns as he ran. He invited them to kill him. The bullets rained down on him as Monitša began to run, but they all stuck in his clothes without penetrating to his flesh.

The Cree perceived that here was a strong man. They tied him up with other men of his nation and planned how to kill these prisoners. Before they could act, the Cree hunters heard of a buffalo nearby. They planned first to hunt this animal and then to kill the prisoners. While the Cree were gone, Monitša slipped out of his bonds. He released his friends and told them to line up on each side of the trail along which the Cree would return. He told them that when he shot the rear man in the returning expedition, the latter would shout and all the other Cree would turn around. At that moment the prisoners could easily massacre their captors. The allies hid themselves in the brush along the trail and waited for the Cree to come back. Soon Monitša saw the hunters. Aiming his arrow at the last man in the party, he released the bowstring. The man who was hit cried out, calling his fellows to wait. As the rest of the party turned around, Monitša's men leapt foreward and killed all of the Cree. Now Monitša's people were free.[6]

Monitša called the animals his brothers. He said: "The caribou is my head boss. I lived with him." He talked to the caribou and one of these animals took him down into Cree country. The Cree never discovered him. After about six years he came back to his own people; the caribou brought him back. He met his brother-in-law and told the latter to give him a caribou hide "uniform." By that time the people had secured muzzle loaders from the white traders. When Monitša had donned the uniform he told his brother-in-law: "Go ahead, try and shoot me. Kill me." But the latter said: "We might kill you." Monitša answered: "I'm going to try to make war with the Cree. See what I'm going to do with them." So his brother-in-law and some friends lined up with muzzle loaders. Monitša started to run. Then they let him have the bullets. Three rounds they fired. Then Monitša came back and took off his uniform. The bullets had stuck in the skin and now dropped out.

The next day they all lined up. "We're going to fight the Cree," Monitša said. They started off and traveled a long distance until they came to a barren place where no trees grew. It was raining. Before this they had met a porcupine who invited the warriors to kill him. The porcupine told them to burn the skin and then rub themselves with the fat. They must then eat every bit of the meat and not throw any of it away. So they ate the porcupine and kept on traveling In this open country they found one big tree under which the Cree usually camped. All the warriors fell asleep. Suddenly Monitša awoke to find somebody holding him down. "Who are you?" he asked. And they asked: "Who are you?" Monitša told them and the Cree said: "I

Indian Affairs Branch, Ottawa, refers to the Caribou Hide Band as Nahane Indians who trade into Telegraph Creek. According to Jenness, however, the area in question is in Sekani country and occupied by the Sasuchan band (Jenness, *The Sekani Indians of British Columbia* [1937], frontispiece). This band corresponds to the Bear Lake Indians who, in 1944–1945, traded at both Fort Ware and Lower Post, with some of its more southerly dwelling members visiting Telegraph Creek. It is probable that we are here dealing with a Sekani folk tale, perhaps derived from one of Harry's maternal grandmothers, who were both Tsekani (Jenness: Tsekani) Indians.

[6] At this point Harry concluded the narrative on September 22, 1945. He resumed the story on December eighth.

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have been looking for you to kill you." Monitša replied: "And I have come to do the same thing to you." The Cree asked which way Monitša preferred to die. "Do what you please," Monitša said. Then he heard the Cree captain say: "I'm going back to kill those three buffalo back there. I'm going to cook all the fat and boil it and then send it burning down your throat." "That will be fine," Monitša answered. The Cree tied up the warriors and gave them "smoke" to make them go to sleep. Monitša refused to smoke.

The Cree went off leaving two guards. Monitša got tired of being bound. He said to his brother-in-law: "I'm tired of these cords. I wish those two guards would go to sleep. His brother in-law said: "I know a little three year old bull moose. On a hot day he goes into a lake, feeds about twenty-five minutes, and then goes out to sleep for about five minutes. Those two guards will do the same." The two Cree dropped off asleep. Monitša stretched and the cords broke. Then he untied all his soldiers. They killed the two guards and left the two bodies sitting erect —just like live men.

Meanwhile the Cree used up all their powder and shot to kill the buffalo. Then Monitša lined his soldiers up along the trail on which the Cree would return. Soon he heard the hunters coming. They were singing in their own language. Monitša gave his boys an order. "I'm going to send my arrow across the leg of the last man in the line. When he hollers, the other soldiers will turn around. Then you let them have it." That is how it happened. Monitša's men killed all the Cree and Monitša won his first war.

When Monitša made his second war, he was stuck across a river. The Cree and Monitša came out of the brush at the same time. Shouting across the river, Monitša talked to the Cree captain on the other side. The former said: "Too bad we can't have a fight. But we have no boat, no raft, no canoe." The Cree captain asked: "Who is the best fighter?" "Say, you're captain for your side and I'm a captain too," Monitša said. "Let's dive. We will kill each other under the water." So they each jumped into the river and all the soldiers watched to see which leader would be victorious. They saw Monitša come out with the Cree captain's head. All the Cree began to cry and went home to look for another captain. Monitša promised them he would be there waiting whenever they chose to come back.

A third time Monitša went to war, but just when he came to the place on the river he saw the Cree pull out; two canoes were heading downstream. When Monitša waved, the Cree came back. They waited till morning and then began to fight. Monitša had killed all the Cree when he heard the captain singing across the river. Monitša said: "He's the man. We killed all his people and now he'll kill our people. We got nothing to say about it." But the Cree sang a little too much. Monitša became angry. He took an arrow and shot across the river to where the man was singing. Monitša got him in the back and killed him right away. Then they went home.

Now I'll tell you how they finished Monitša's life. He was an old man when the Cree came back. These were new Cree who had been born in the meantime. Monitša had married seven times and had a large family. He was so old his eyelid fell over his eye. His family cried: "The Cree will kill you." Monitša said: "I will kill seven." Taking a little stick, he supported his eyelid with it. He stretched his nose and his mouth. Then he took seven arrows and went to meet the Cree.

Hiding behind a tree Monitša watched the Cree captain. The captain saw him and all his army began to laugh. While they were laughing, Monitša sent his seven arrows and seven Cree died. Then he ran out in the lake. All day the rest of the Cree tried to kill him. They cut him into little pieces but still he lived. So at last they asked Monitša why he didn't die. "If you will cut my finger here," he said, pointing to his palm, "and my feet, then I will die. They did that and Monitša died.

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Then the Cree saw a big bumble bee flying around them. They tried to escape from it, but two Cree couldn't make it and fell down dead with blood pouring out of their mouths.

Before dying Monitša told the captain to take his wife home and not to kill his children. The captain obeyed the order. When the Cree came to Monitša's camp, they heard the bee again. Two more Cree fell into the fire. They took the woman back to Cree country. When they made the first camp, they again heard the bumble bee. Two more Cree died. Then the captain waved the woman to go home and she went. That's the end of Monitša's life.

159 Apart from the fact that Harry apparently identifies with the hero of this story, the tale is revealing for the manner in which it reflects the divergent passive and aggressive trends of Harry's personality. The alternate passivity and activity of the leading character may be considered an acting out of Harry's own conflict, assuring him that in back of his passivity lies a true capacity for mastery. The aggression featured in the tale is a vehicle for releasing the narrator's strong hostility component. Of particular significance is the reference to the hero having been raised by animals, which points to a seeking for more solicitous parents and a wishful projection of their discovery and beneficial care. There can be little doubt that Harry's compulsion to complete, and repeat part of, this narrative arose from its deep significance to his basic personality. Monitša, as he becomes in Harry's telling, assumes something of the glamor of Superman, another of this young man's heroes. In these superhuman figures Harry finds a wishful release from the inhibitions on his aggressiveness and self-assertion, while at the same time denying the debilitating passive trends of his personality.

DOROTHY PLOVER

Autobiographical Sketch

I remember the first time a plane came to Dease Lake. I was about three years old. We were two miles away from the post, daddy having taken us for a walk. I could see the plane land in the water. Everybody was frightened, even mama. Daddy told us it was an airplane. I guess he must have seen a plane before. There was a white man on that plane, Lou Monroe. Later he became my husband.

This wasn't my real daddy. My real daddy is here in Lower Post; he is a Kaska, like mama. Those other kids have a Tahltan daddy. I'm the oldest child. All mamma's children are still living, she never lost one. I came first, then Dell, and next Billy. Beatrice was fourth and then came Thomas Jack, Rose, Marie, June, Steve, and, last year, a little boy. That makes five girls and five boys. I can remember when Beatrice was born. Grandma told us they had found her under a tree. Grandma was always fooling us. My mother's brother, Dick Mountain, lived with us too; my daddy raised him.

Mama says I was sick when I was five years old. I had whooping cough and measles. Mama nearly lost me. Aunt Minny lost her first baby that time from measles. After that, mama went to Prince Rupert. My sister, Beatrice, was only a baby. Mama's sister, Aunt Minny, took care of the family, but she went to dances nearly every night. There used to be many dances in Dease Lake. Daddy was captain on a river boat, but he didn't want to leave us. When he had to go to work he sometimes left us with Aunt Frances, Minny's sister.

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

When I was a little girl I never ate much. I was always afraid to eat. I was afraid of choking. I'm still like that and so is my little sister, Marie. Once, when she was two years old, Marie choked on bread. When I was small we ate moose meat, fish, dry meat, and bone grease. I never cooked till I was ten years old. When we played, I made a little house with brush and put a dolly in it. We made dollies out of sticks or anything. Dell played shooting moose. The boys killed squirrels with rocks and cooked them, and then we all ate the meat. It was good. 159

I don't know how old I was when they left me at grandma's. They say they made me help set rabbit snares. I can just faintly remember grandma's cat getting snared. We went to visit the snares one day and there was grandma's cat hanging on the springboard. Grandma often told that story when we were grown up. I don't know why daddy and mama left me with grandma. Maybe it was because I was like grandma in some ways. She had a husband, a Tahltan. She herself was Kaska and used to be married to a Kaska man. When she lost him she kept this Tahltan. Grandma lived in Dease Lake too, so I saw mama many times.

Once daddy was working on a pack train and mama decided to go along with him. She took me and my little brother, Dell. Mama was on a horse holding me, and I was playing with a stick. The stick went into my mouth. Its just luck that it didn't kill me. When my brother and I were small we went on daddy's trap line. A moose calf had gotten up a tree [?] and we thought it was a grizzly bear. We started to run. My brother ran so hard he lost one snowshoe. I picked up the shoe and followed him. We came to mama, who asked what had frightened us. We told her that there was a grizzly bear up in a tree. Mama and my brother went back there and she laughed. She said it was a calf up in the tree. That same winter we went to set traps on a slough. My little pup went around with me everywhere. He got caught in a trap. Dell and I tried to take him out, but we couldn't make it. We began to cry and then ran to mama. When mama saw us she thought something was chasing us. I told her that my little dog was going to die. Mama went over and took the pup out of the trap. Dell and I stayed around camp and we set a big trap. Then I pulled the bitch to the trap and put her foot in. Then we ran away. We kept mama busy all the time.

Whenever daddy went away, we all cried. We cried for a long time. We missed him because we loved him so much. We didn't want him to leave us. Once when daddy was away, mama burned down a tree. We didn't know why she did that and wondered if she was afraid of the coyote. We thought the coyote was a killer. Mama said she burned the tree so that any grizzly bear would smell smoke and stay away from the camp. Daddy was trapping beaver that time. The first time I saw a beaver, I thought it was a lynx. When I got big I found out the difference.

When Dell and I were small, mama and daddy both got sick with sore throat. We cut and packed wood. Then we saw a caribou. Daddy was weak, but he shot it. We packed the meat to the house and cooked it. When we started to eat, a piece of meat stuck in my tonsils. Daddy made pincers and took it out. I had always been afraid of choking, even before that happened.

One fall, when the moose were running, daddy went hunting and didn't return till daylight. He climbed up a hill and looked for moose. He killed a cow, but then a bull moose

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

●159 came around and daddy climbed up a tree. The bull wouldn't go away. Daddy hollered at him and even told him: "I'm going to shoot you!" But the bull wouldn't move.

Later Daddy told us where to set traps and we caught a wolverine. We were afraid and threw sticks at the animal. At last we threw the ax but even that didn't finish him. I got one big stick and tried to reach the wolverine with it. The wolverine started to go for me. Quickly my brother grabbed the ax and killed the animal. We went up the mountain and then found a marten caught in a trap. Dell got a stick and put it on the animal's back for me to stand on. The marten lifted me up. My brother picked up a pole and killed the animal. When we brought the wolverine home, daddy dried out the stomach for us to drink water from. In that way we could never get diarrhea.

Another time, when daddy sent us to the mountains with four dogs, we were frightened by some tracks. People were always talking about the mountain lion. We found a mountain lion's tracks and turned back. My little brother lay in the sleigh and I held the handlebars. When mama saw us, she wanted to know why we were back so soon. I told her we had seen the tracks of a mountain lion. I guess it was only a wolf track. Mama saw a mountain lion track once, when she was setting traps with my brother. She said the lion went right through the snow crust. They picked up all the traps and came home.

Pretty soon daddy started sending me trapping with my sister Beatrice. We had three dogs hitched to a sleigh. I don't remember what frightened me, but all of a sudden the dogs started to run and we turned back. When Beatrice started to work, she made many mistakes. She thought it was all right to use any kind of a rag to wash dishes. She used a little baby moccasin and, when it was wet, she wrung it out and put it on the stove to dry. Soon it was all burned up.

When I got older I went hunting with my brother, Dell. I didn't know how to hunt, but still I tried to teach him. He was afraid of moose, and when we shot one, he would send me to see if the animal was dead. He had the gun; I had nothing. He told me to kick the moose and see if he was still living. I had to butcher the animal too, because he was afraid. He was too scared to let me have the gun. I guess I was about fourteen years old that time—the first time we killed moose. The next spring Dell climbed a tree and saw a moose. We killed and skinned the animal and then wounded another. We were scared of that wounded moose and ran until we came to the truck road crossing the portage. We could hear the wounded moose right in front of us. It was dark.

Sometimes we kids used to fight. Once Dell hit me in the head with a rock. I took a willow and chased my brother. When I caught him, I spanked him. If I had no whip, I bit his finger till grandma got after me. Daddy and mama never licked me; they hit my sister Beatrice, though. They didn't want her to be so crazy.

159 When my Aunt Fanny started to get month sick, she lived in a small tent alone. Mine
841 came during the winter, so I stayed in the house with grandma. When grandpa came back I went with my aunt. When a man came into the house, I couldn't look at him, though I could talk to him. My grandma always watched me. I wanted to go to a dance that time and I started to sneak away. But I heard grandma coming so I went back. Gee, did I get mad! Mama and daddy went to the dance too, but grandma watched me just like a policeman. I stayed in the house one month and never saw my brother. Mama had to cook two bannocks,

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

one for the men. I could only eat dry meat and I had to pick the needles of spruce brush one by one, so that I would become a good sewer. If I ate fresh meat my uncle or my daddy would have to chew it for me. And I wasn't allowed to laugh. When my aunt Dolly got month sick she would let the boys sneak into her tent while grandma slept. That's why Dolly lost many children. Aunt Frances never told grandma when she first started to get month sick.

One spring we were on our way to Dease Lake for grub. All of a sudden the dogs started to bark and we saw a bear in a tree. Uncle Alfred and I climbed up a tree and started to shoot everyplace. My aunts climbed up a tree too; we had frightened them with our hollering and shooting. We thought we had shot the bear, but everybody was afraid to go look for him, because we weren't sure he was dead. We made a long detour trying to find daddy's camp but couldn't reach it. So we had to make our own camp. Nobody slept all night. The next day we went on to Dease Lake. Coming back, Uncle Alfred and I traveled alone. We were afraid that my little sister, May, would cry and bring on the grizzly bear, so we left her. When we reached the beaver dam, the dogs started to bark. We thought sure there was a grizzly coming and hid under a willow bush, but the dogs came back and we went on.

Another time Uncle Peter, my brother, Dell, and I went to a mountain and saw a moose through a glass. Dell shot and wounded him. Then Uncle Peter and Dell climbed up a fallen tree and sent me to the moose. I asked them to give me a gun, but they wouldn't. When I got to the moose, it jumped up. My brother hollered and I ran back quickly. After climbing into the tree with them, they shot again. That moose had big horns. After he fell down, they told me to go back and make sure he was dead. I went and hit him with a stick. Then I told them that he was dead. Peter must have been about ten years old then; Dell was about fifteen and I was seventeen.

Once daddy killed a moose and built a scarecrow by the meat to keep the grizzly bear away. When we came back the next day we found that a grizzly had bothered the cache. We took all the fat and almost all the meat, because we were afraid the grizzly would come back. We had to make another trip for more meat. When we came close to the cache, Peter and Dell shot the grizzly. Gee, he was big! Dell was excited and could hardly shoot. We all went over, but daddy warned us that he might still be alive. I wasn't afraid. I ran right over to the bear and daddy hollered. I skinned the grizzly too.

Sometimes kids tried to scare us girls. Once Dell and Jimmy Barre told us a grizzly bear was coming. My little sister and I hid, but the boys were only fooling. The same time my little sister, Anne, Dell, Jimmy, and I were hunting porcupine. We sat down and the boys went up the mountain. They knocked down a rock and Anne and I hid under a thick balsam. We thought a grizzly bear was coming down to us.

There were many gopher in those mountains. Daddy and mama set snares for them, getting thirty or forty each day. When a grizzly bear digs gopher out of the ground, he stands up every once in the while to listen. He does that when he digs up groundhog too. This mountain where we hunted is on the other side of Tasel River; we call it Tsanlode—Sharp Mountain.

I spent two winters in Telegraph Creek. Then I married Lou Monroe. When I married

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

159 Lou, we were living up McDame Creek, twelve miles from the post. Before I married him, I had a baby. He was born in November and his father was a white man, the policeman. Daddy used to work for the police. The baby died. I lived with Lou until April and then went up the river to see mama. Lou sent a letter up for me and I came down to him on a plane. It was the first time I had been in a plane, but I wasn't afraid. Everybody missed me when I left papa and mama. I was about eighteen years old. All the kids missed me, because I used to work for them. I helped mama look after the babies. Sometimes I cut wood, when daddy was out hunting with my brothers.

Rorschach Record and Analysis

The quantitative results of Dorothy's Rorschach record, one of the longest collected, is summarized below.

Total Responses = 90

W	3	3.3%	M	10	11.1%	H	9	10.0%	P	44	48.8%
D	46	51.1%	FM	8	8.8%	Hd	10	11.1%	O	46	51.1%
Dd	37	41.1%	K	1	1.1%	A	45	50.0%			
S	4	4.4%	F+	41	45.5%	Ad	20	22.2%			
			F−	27	30.0%	AObj	1	1.1%			
			C	3	3.3%	Obj	2	2.2%			
						N	2	2.2%			
						Abst	1	1.1%			

M:sum C = 9:4.5
(FM+m):(Fc+c+C') = 8:1
VIII, IX, X/R = 30%

Ap. = ((W)), D, Dd S!!!!
Suc. = Confused

In her approach to the test Dorothy reveals certain attitudes typical of her society but which have additional personal significance for understanding her personality. Although overtly more relaxed and cooperative than most Kaska subjects—in fact, she seemed to enjoy the Rorschach situation—her performance reveals the tendency to avoid any forthright grip with the problems presented by an unfamiliar situation. Rather she pretends to cooperate. This pretension reveals Dorothy's ambition to impress people. She attempted to impress the tester with the volume of her responses, which for her had the value of quality. Old Man and Dorothy Plover are the only two subjects whose *W:M* ratios show the greatest weight on the *M* side—indicating aspiration levels beyond the subjects' capacities.

Dorothy is self-consciously very concerned with the facade that identifies her in society, but underneath this pretentious role she is beset by feelings of inferiority and insecurity. This is revealed in a number of responses involving animals and people that are "looking" and "looking back." Many of her answers also mention seated humans; apparently there is safety for this relatively short girl in seated figures, while standing persons are productive of anxiety.

Intellectually Dorothy makes no effort to generalize or conceptualize from experience, is moderately critical in her perception, and shows an adequate command of the practical

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

aspects of living. Her thinking is often careless of reality. In her interests she ventures beyond her capacity. All these intellectually limited factors, however, spring from emotional inhibitions rather than from mental dullness. 159

Emotionally she is guarded, tense, and reserved, except for momentary episodes when an emotional experience carries her away. In general she protects herself against threatening or devastating external emotional stimuli, which suggests that instances of disorganized control arise when she finds herself in situations that hold deep personal significance. Dorothy's emotional contacts with people cannot be close and warm, because she is too restricted in her affectional expression and too self-occupied. Despite her emotional withdrawal from the world, and her moderately developed ego strength, the personality shown in the Rorschach record is characterized by a tendency toward assertive self-expression toward the environment. Much of this self-assertion, however, represents energy expended in meeting the opposition of conflicting attitudes. The struggle between introversive apathy and extratensive assertion suggests that we may here be dealing, at least in part, with the struggle of masculine self-assertion versus feminine dependence. In this connection, it is of interest to note that in her initial response to the first card Dorothy saw a male breast. This suggests an identification with a man at the expense of her mother; the man may well be her foster father as personality data to be presented will indicate. It is also likely that her ambitious self-assertion may have been developed as a compensation for the threatening effects of basic anxiety. Although this anxiety is present in her record, it is not manifested as severely as it is in some Kaska subjects. In other words, through volume-productivity she has avoided being overcome by the menace of the shading cards.

To sum up, the record reveals an emotionally constricted girl, who is striving to act out a role of which she is not wholly certain and in which she is unable to release much creativity. She is uncertain of her potential command over this role (in fact, the role exceeds her capacities) and also doubts the society's judgment of her performance. Because of this uncertainty, Dorothy is often frustrated. When such provocation becomes too intense, she is liable to react with blind and uncontrolled hostility.

The Personality under Observation

The following characterization of Dorothy Plover was prepared at the end of the 1944 season of field work by Irma Honigmann. It was done prior to, as well as independent of, the Rorschach interpretation.

> Dorothy Plover may be briefly described as vain, opportunistic, intelligent (or clever), cautious, lying, and possessed of high self-esteem.
>
> During our period of friendship, she tried constantly to convince us that she was something which she manifestly was not. Thus she explained her riding with American soldiers saying: "I go for long ride with soldiers, that's all." She denied that they ever became "fresh," but accused other girls of promiscuity. In her own case, we knew that she was lying because soldiers frankly admitted having slept with her. She even told her husband of her dates, in that way avoiding the threats made by some members of the community to tell Lou about her behavior.
>
> Dorothy is a young, attractive woman married to an elderly white man of slight Cree ancestry. The impression is that she dominates the household. Certainly she gets what she wants.

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

●159 She is never disrespectful about her husband, receiving his consent before buying clothes, and always receiving it. When she goes on dates, Lou watches their little boy. He also does the cooking and often washes the dishes.

For a time we referred to Dorothy as the Grand Duchess surrounded by ladies-in-waiting. The latter consisted of young female relatives and friends, whose cooperation she succeeded in enlisting. First there was Annette, seven year old daughter of her maternal uncle, Dick Mountain. This girl tagged along with Dorothy, minding the latter's son, David; going to the stores, and doing odd jobs. Once Dorothy utilized a seven year old orphan boy to pack David for her. Following Annette's departure from Lower Post came Skipper's two granddaughters. They were Dorothy's constant companions toward the end of the summer, escorting her on rides with unfamiliar soldiers and helping with housework. These girls also packed David for her and carried home packages from the stores. They were welcome company for Dorothy, who did not hesitate to make what use she could of them. When we left Lower Post in September, Skipper and his granddaughters had left for the bush, and Stella Wiley was living with Dorothy. It was Stella who sewed the moccasins that Dorothy had promised to sew for our children. Yet in undertaking this obligation, Dorothy had said: "I like to sew. As soon as mama send me caribou hide I make lots of things." When the unsmoked hide arrived, Dorothy gave it to Mrs. Man for smoking and then postponed sewing for over a month, until Stella came to live in her house.

Her lying was manifested in many things she said. Once when Dorothy was intoxicated she told us that she had to rush away for a date. The soldier, however, failed to show up. Later, when we queried Dorothy about the date, she said she had rushed away to keep Stella company. Only after much teasing did she admit that her date had disappointed her. Although Dorothy drank readily, she rarely became drunk. Even when she was once strongly intoxicated, she retained her self-control and showed no tendency to violent behavior or unrestrained sexuality.

She enjoyed leading boys on a string, even when she apparently never intended to gratify them. She would tell us how she had told a certain young man that she would meet him after a dance and how she then slipped away before he could catch her. This kind of teasing amuses her. One night she refused to go riding in a truck with Flower, Irene, and three soldiers. The soldiers caught her and insisted that she join the party. Being overpowered, Dorothy consented. As soon as they released her, however, she ran away. On several other occasions she utilized such ruses to escape unpleasant sexual attention. Laughter is another typical response by which Dorothy seeks to cover an embarrassing situation.

One day she told a white man how the girls, including Stella, carried on with soldiers. At this time she was the white man's mistress and was manifestly trying to impress him with her virtue. Stella, shyly standing behind a door, heard Dorothy's statement and became rather belligerent. Slyly Dorothy twisted her words and succeeded in mollifying the other girl by saying that it was only Irene Wiley and Flower Joe to whom she had referred. The white man could not have been fooled. He had reason to know Dorothy's behavior well from his own close friendships with soldiers.

Frequently Dorothy spoke of Irene's and Flower's promiscuity in such a way as to give the impression that this was behavior in which she never participated and strongly disapproved. She accused these girls of being venereally diseased. In general she revealed a tendency to gossip without restraint. We even learned that she had maliciously talked about our family.[4]

[4] Judging from Old Man and Dorothy, it seems likely that Kaska Indians with a W: *M* ratio in which *M* is greater are predisposed to ready gossip. This behavior, by emphasizing other people's failures or delicts, probably serves to cover up the subjects' inadequacy to achieve desirable ideals.

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

Dorothy does not reveal her emotions readily, always maintaining a placid, smiling, and rather pleasing exterior. Once, when she was very drunk and being teased about her love for a young, blonde, American soldier, who was currently associating with Flower Joe, she indirectly agreed to the truth of this allegation and even expressed some fondness for the boy. Later, when she was sober, we had occasion to observe her in the presence of this soldier and Flower. Not by a word or gesture did she reveal either love or jealousy. Apparently Dorothy has strong determination, because she refused to accompany her former lover on any rides once he began to sleep with Flower. Even though the boy sometimes paid considerable attention to her, she refused to yield. Until Flower arrived, Dorothy had been the belle of the town with the American troops. Flower quickly supplanted her. Although Dorothy never showed too strong evidence of her feelings, it was now that she began to spread rumors of Flower's sexual disease and would not be convinced that she might be wrong. The evidence suggests that Dorothy was secretly very jealous of her rival. 159 ●

One evening in late summer Dorothy said that, if Lou sold his trap line she would go to Dease Lake for the winter. She claimed that she liked life on the trap line. This statement seems to have been inspired by the ideal pattern that one is supposed to like the trap line. Actually, most women do, but it is doubtful if Dorothy cares for either the isolation or the work. That evening she took her first ride with soldiers in several weeks, Lower Post having for some time been out of bounds. Later that evening she told another woman that she would stay in Lower Post all winter. The truth probably is, that Dorothy was disgusted with Lower Post because of the dearth of soldiers. The withdrawal of troops also promised to make for a dull winter. She therefore wanted to visit her family at Dease Lake. When things momentarily picked up, she became reconciled to staying. It was shortly after this that she became the white man's mistress.

Although Dorothy is strongly attached to David, she gives little evidence of being very maternal. She even said that she didn't want any more children. During the summer, a consistent practice was to put David to bed early, so that she could be free to go out for the evening. One evening we heard David crying. We went into the store, where Dorothy was sitting in the blonde soldier's arms, and told her that the boy was awake. "He'll go to sleep again," she replied. "If I go in, he'll be worse." Her husband was very ill at the time and could do little for the child. Her treatment of David was outstanding in that she gave him more "don'ts" than is usual in the community. On the whole, however, her discipline was extremely mild and she easily yielded to the child's demands. Once she told her maternal uncle, Dick, to take the scissors away from David. Her own request for the instrument failed to produce results.

When we returned to Lower Post in June 1945, we found Dorothy alternating between two men. A few weeks previously she had borne her lover's son and now both men were assisting in the housework while the mother recovered. She showed considerable affection for the new baby, insisted that it never be left alone and often imposing its care on either of the two men. Twice she went to a dance and was followed by her lover who, obviously jealous of her absence, informed her that the baby was crying. One night she was loitering with other young people, when this man angrily burst out with the news that the baby was crying. He commanded Dorothy to stop her disrespectful behavior and to get where she belonged. Without a word Dorothy followed him. Although there is evidence that this man loved her deeply, absolutely nothing indicates her feelings toward him. Her position, however, benefited her in many ways. Whereas her husband was ill and had sold his trap line, the second man was somewhat younger and held a good job. He spent money lavishly on the 159 837

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

159 girl and she proudly demonstrated her large wardrobe of dresses and coats, also changing
837 her costume two or more times a day.

The situation was not conducive to securing intimate personality data, but three dreams
159 were collected in late July. These are given below.
787

She dreamed that she had left the new baby at her foster father's cabin in Lou's care. Then she heard that the baby was without food and freezing. With her brother, Dell, she ran to save the infant. She woke up relieved to discover it was summertime and that there was no frost.

She dreamed that David was drowning in the Liard River. Her mother was looking on but made no move to save him. Later, however, her mother rescued the child.

She was walking along with Lou Monroe and her lover, together with the new infant. A bearded white trapper came along and attacked the lover, trying to choke him. Dorothy gave the baby to someone—it seemed like Alice Nolan—and tried to help her lover. In her associations, Dorothy went on to explain that her father's dreams always come true and her mother's frequently. Her dreams also often materialize.

Three vectors of hostility are revealed in these dreams. In the first, Dorothy's hostility is directed primarily to her husband, Lou, who is probably an inconvenient adjunct in her new affair. She visualizes Lou's resentment of her lover's baby, at the same time deviously expressing her own aggression toward the infant. The significance of the brother is not clear, but his appearance in the dream probably represents the strong bonds between these two siblings. A similar function may be inferred from the fact th t the dream takes place at her foster father's cabin; a father attachment thereby being indicated. In the second dream, the hostility is dramatically directed toward David, with the expectation that her mother will save the child. Here there is a wish for the grandmother to assume the child's care, in other words, an expression of Dorothy's emotional rejection of the boy. The third dream pictures the polyandrous ménage, complete except for David, who has apparently already been disposed of. Hostility is now indirectly released against her lover, but is ambivalent. Dorothy tries to help her lover while the baby is given to an exceedingly tender, maternal figure. The wish-fulfillment element is clearly stressed in Dorothy's association to dreams that have come true. The total sequence of dreams therefore indicates the girl's confusion in her current situation and her ambivalent desire to escape from it and assume her independence. They reflect the anxiety connected with the role she is playing, her self-consciousness, her fear of public criticism, and uncertainty.

159 Certainly Dorothy has cause for uncertainty. She is widely disliked by many people, and only her affected indifference to criticism and public opinion, together with her persistent lying to save face, protect her from manifesting the anxiety attached to her position. Unfortunately we have only meager data for discovering how she came to be the person that she is.

Probably one of the most important influences in her life was her identification with her foster father, a strong, self-willed Tahltan Indian, who manifests the same pride in his own status that Dorothy affects. Dorothy is intensely proud of her Tahltan heritage and fond of talking about the stimulation to be found in Telegraph Creek. This pride in status, it must be pointed out, is a familiar trait of Tahltan men and some Tahltan women, but is notably lacking in Kaska individuals. Even dominant Kaska men are not proud or preten-

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

tious. In this, therefore, Dorothy's personality reflects Tahltan influence. From her foster father the girl acquired the self-assertion which helped her, the family's eldest daughter, to assume many male roles and to fulfill them more adequately than her next youngest brother. It is also from her foster father that she derived the boastfulness which, for example, she scarcely attempted to conceal in speaking about her brother's and uncle's timidity.

The incentive to develop strong father ties came from the early emotional rejection of her mother. Such rejection is indicated in the story of being sent to live with her grandmother and aunt. The throat constriction, from which Dorothy suffered as a child, and the attendant eating difficulties may be symptoms related to this period of childhood. If the close connection between oral activities and the security associated with the mother's breast is assumed, the frustration of security seeking tendencies and the concomitant anxiety may well transfer to acts symbolic of this primary mother-child relationship. In a psychosomatic inability to swallow, the tense child may then be expressing the longing for a gratification which he has come to fear.[7] Dorothy's intense preoccupation with the grizzly bear, already identified as a parent symbol, is also significant in this respect.

Dorothy's promiscuity is of long standing. It serves as an expression of the egocentric component of her personality and is therefore a vehicle for masculine striving. The choice of very much older white men (the policeman, Lou Monroe, and the white man in Lower Post) for sex objects suggests that in these cases sexual relations provide an opportunity to act out the oedipal identification with her foster father; these men are father images, in whom Dorothy is forced to invest an unconscious dependence which is antithetical to her egocentric wishes. Whether she was really in love with the blonde soldier, or if her expression of fondness was conditioned by jealousy for the more popular Flower, is difficult to answer. From what we know of her self-centeredness, jealousy arising from being preferred to a rival could be a critical experience, because it would threaten her personal image, in which so much energy has been invested and through which she realizes her goal of resourcefulness. Her personality is not equipped to love. Her whole career demonstrates her capacity to use people for her own ends. Her marriages and liaisons with white men have been profitable, each attachment advancing her material status, contributing to her role. The fact that ideals of status progression, so well served by white men, were originally derived from her boastful and narcissistic Tahltan foster father is further evidence for the interpretation that Dorothy's compulsive sexual behavior is closely related to her oedipal situation.

Dorothy's behavior, therefore, can be understood in terms of strong egocentricity and correlated masculine striving derived from identification with her foster father. That this man happened to be Tahltan, and therefore distinguished in personality, is accidental, but served to give her personality a color different from that expected in her community. From him she learned to direct her egocentricity into very un-Kaska-like pretence and display. Narcissism became one of the defenses against emotional isolation and dependence. To realize her status ambition, however, she was compulsively forced into dependence on father images for her enduring relationships. In this way her affect hunger and dependency strivings found expression. The role she played was never wholly congenial. She constantly re-

[7] See Fenichel, *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis* (1945), 195–196.

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

159 mained uncertain of her facade. At the time of observation this uncertainty was particularly severe. Her dependence on Lou had been alleviated by the egocentric gratifications derived from promiscuity with soldiers. When the troops began to be withdrawn, she was faced with returning to Lou, whose financial position had worsened and who could no longer compensate her dependence with narcissistic rewards. She now formed a second attachment contemporaneously with her marriage and thereby began to earn a greater share of social disapproval, which more than ever imperiled her facade. The hostility released in the three dreams is derived from the frustration produced by her precarious situation.

NITLA KEAN

Autobiographical Sketch

159 608 I was born close to Frances Lake. A day and half after I was born, my mother died. So my father gave me to an old lady, Old Metla, who raised me. Many years ago she had come to Frances Lake from the Nelson country. She had lost her husband and only one of her children still lived, Mrs. Susa. So Metla raised me in Frances Lake country. She was an old woman when she took me and didn't have any milk. When I was put to the breast, I was always hungry and cried all the time. They tried to feed me moose milk in a cup. Then pretty [855] soon milk came to the old lady. God helped her, I guess. I nursed for about three or four years, and after a while she gave me rabbit brains to eat and fish guts to suck on. That's good for children. When I was about four years old, Metla for the first time bought a case of milk. I never thought about anything. I didn't worry who my father was or what happened to my mother. I thought the old lady was my mother.

159 857 Metla treated me well. I played many games. With a bow and arrows I killed rabbits and chicken. Every boy does that. Sometimes I had to fight. Some kids were known to be fighters and sometimes a boy like that licked me and hurt me. Then I would fight back to even the score. I never was a good fighter though; I can box pretty well, but that's all. When other kids bothered me, I fought them. Some people's kids were worse than others. They would throw rocks, but that's a dangerous thing to do and when the older folks saw it, they would become angry and beat those kids.

Gee, I wore out many pairs of moccasins and pants when I played around as a kid. I couldn't stop playing. I ran around all day. Just the same I was too frightened to go far from camp. I was scared of everything. A rabbit in a snare used to frighten me. Once I was out with mama, when we saw a trapped rabbit. I ran home and got a stick to knock it out. When I saw a stranger coming to the camp, I got scared; I would sit in the camp and never move. Sometimes, when I played around too much, mama would try to stop me. She even beat me. I didn't like to be beaten, it made me scared of mama. A couple of times my daddy came around but I didn't like him. He was too damned cranky. I wanted to be my own boss. My brother, John, is cranky too. He used to get tough with me. I don't like cranky people. Another thing that scared me as a child was to see grown-up people fighting. Sometimes a husband told his wife to do something and she didn't do it. Then, when the man came home, he would fight her. That made me scared. I used to run away. At Frances Lake I once saw a fellow attack his daughter with a knife. Somebody tried to stop him, but they couldn't. The man swung the knife, but he missed the girl. I ran away crying.

159 538 When I got into trouble Metla would frighten me to make me sit down and stop play-

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ing. She used to tell me stories about old fashioned people going to war against each other. I heard her tell of a man who beat his wife when she made a little hole in meat that she was slicing for drying. Nowadays people aren't so mean. Metla told me about the elephant that ate men and about the man-eating snake. There was a big eagle too that used to snatch people. That's what she told me. She said the devil made those animals. There used to be a jackfish that ate men, and once upon a time the otter were people who killed Indians. In the beginning the grizzly bear walked around and spoke just like the Indians. The wolverine, fox, crow, and all the other animals were people too. Metla used to scare me when she told me those stories. Then she told me about high water coming. All the animals, including the elephant, went up to a high mountain. The people made a raft and sailed up to a big hill and stayed there until the water went down. After hearing some of those stories, we kids used to stay close to camp. We were afraid that if we walked around the bad animals would smell us, follow us, and catch us.

When I got older, I used to play on a raft and push it down a little nearby slough. I made a spruce bark canoe, too, and sewed it together. We used to play store, piling up a lot of logs for the trading post and make believe we had eggs, oranges, and rice. When somebody came along, I'd say: "You want to buy stuff?" I sold him lots and he'd give a skin. All the kids played that game. In winter I made a little toboggan and loaded it with stones. All the kids used to make candles out of moose fat and a piece of string. Now children don't do that anymore. If I found a piece of tin, I filed it down to make a knife. After tying a handle to the blade, I tried to cut meat with it. If the meat wasn't too tough, it worked; but most of the time the knife would bend. With a jam can I made a little teapot. Sometimes the kids made camp with a campfire. We boiled meat and ate it. Then somebody would decide to move camp. We'd sew up a bag and put everything in it and go someplace else.

After playing, I used to get hungry and look for something to eat. If there was any boiled meat, I'd eat it; but I was too young to know how to cook. Sometimes I'd broil a steak.

Once, when I was making an arrow, a big nail went right through my hand. Jesus! I pushed it back. It burned like fire. I could feel my heart getting weak. As a child my heart and lungs were always sore. I felt poor all the time. I looked bad, and my eyes got weak. Rotten stuff came out of my mouth. Not long ago I started to feel better. I boiled up balsam and made medicine. That helped me. Now I feel fine. When I started to use an ax, I cut the top of my foot. I wasn't smart enough yet to know how to use an ax. The blood poured out of the cut. Mama and I patched it up so that no dirt would get in. Another time I cut my hand with a knife that somebody had sharped to use in working moosehide. When I handed it to the woman, I cut my hand.

Pretty soon I heard about the otter woman. It used to be that the otter was a girl, and if a man put his penis in her vagina, she would chew it. They say there's a weasel in the vagina. When he chews the penis, the man dies. Lots of men died that way. The mink is woman too; sometimes she does the same thing to a man who tries to sleep with her.

When I had to go into the bush alone I was scared. I looked around before I moved. People told me to watch out for the grizzly bear. If the grizzly caught a man, they said, he would tear him to pieces. The first game I ever got was a caribou. I could hardly skin him; I was too weak to turn him over. It took me about six hours to finish the job. When I came

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159 home, I had blood all over me. Once I went to a moose lick to try for a moose. It was a hot day and, while I sat watching for a moose to come, I began to feel sleepy. Finally I went to sleep. I woke up and I saw a moose. That was the second game I killed. I turned him over, all right. I got goats too, but I never killed sheep. As soon as I started to bring home meat, I fed myself. Metla didn't have to feed me anymore. I brought home everything—rabbits, fish, chicken, porcupine, and moose.

Just once I tried to stay out in the brush long enough to get medicine. But nothing saw me. I wasn't lucky. Nothing wanted me.

159 836 When I was still a kid, I saw a fellow playing with a girl. "What the hell?" I said. It scared me. I thought I would kill a girl if I ever tried that. By the time I started to grow whiskers, I was playing with girls myself. At first I was scared, but when I found out what it was—by Jesus, I liked it! One girl wanted me, but I didn't want her. She liked me and kept bothering me. She made me run after her and then I caught her.

159 When I was about eighteen years old, I stayed with Martin's bunch. Charlie was Martin's kid. Charlie was living with that bunch and had a kid, Adele. Adele's mother had come from Fort Selkirk, but she was dead. Now Charlie was keeping another woman who had two kids in Pelly Banks. Adele ran around and a young fellow slept with her. He made her pregnant and Charlie was ashamed. Many times he asked me to marry Adele. He wanted me to help him out. It was pretty hard for me to live alone. Nobody cooked for me; I'd come home late at night, tired, and sleep alone. So I told Charlie "All right." I was ready to keep his girl. When the baby was born, Charlie took him. My father-in-law treated me well. He's just like my real daddy. When I get moose, I give him meat. He's not my boss. Nobody is boss for another man. My father-in-law talked to me and said: "Don't fool around. Stay in the post. Don't play around. Don't drink."

Every fall we went into the brush with a little grub. That soon ran out, though, and then we lived on meat. I'd go hunting, come back tired, and go to sleep. The next day, hunt again. When there was no meat and when we got tired of meat, we lived on fish. Everybody fishes at Frances Lake. Winter time is no good. Sometimes, in the fall, the snow would fly and I'd have no snowshoes. That made for hard traveling. Lots of wood would have to be cut. Everything was frozen up. Life was hard up at Frances Lake. People didn't catch much fur. They didn't have enough credit to live on, and everybody was afraid of starving. We had to hunt, hunt, hunt. Maybe, if I stayed out five days, I'd get a moose. After I brought the meat home, I'd go out again and set some traps. Soon the meat was all gone. That meant it was time to hunt again. If there was no moose, we lived on snared rabbits. All the time camp was being moved. Sometimes I'd have to work while I was hungry. Then you feel weak and sick. Your stomach is empty. A man feels strong only when he has food. Sometimes we cooked wild rhubarb. On the mountains there is a little leaf that tastes just like sugar when it is boiled up. Indians have a hard life. One time I cut my knee and pus came out. For a whole month I couldn't work. My leg was stiff. I also went to Pelly Banks to hunt caribou; there are many caribou up there. About two years ago, while I was trapping, I had to travel all night. I looked up and the moon was only half in the sky. The other half went into the sky. You could see a fire. Then the other half of the moon came back. I had never seen that happen before.

159 221 My father-in-law trapped around Simpson Lake. In October we hunted moose there. In

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November we started to set traps. Then maybe there was no meat. The lake froze over and he would set a fish net under the ice. December came around and still no meat. He couldn't move the camp. Maybe in January we would all move down to the Big River—Frances River. Then we'd trap there till February. When the snow began to crust, I went to the trading post—Frances Lake or Lower Post. Pretty soon Adele had another baby, a girl. Last year a third baby was born at Simpson Lake, but it died right away. Hans' sister died around the same time. We wanted to bring the girl's body to Frances Lake Post, but no trail was broken. We loaded the big box on a sleigh and I started up for the post. I had a hell of a time getting through.

My brother, John, wanted to sleep with my wife, but I wouldn't let him. He told Adele that I had refused. She said to me: "Me, you won't give him. Your brother tell me that." I didn't want to do that. If a man wants a woman, why doesn't he get married? River Joe told John the same thing. He told him: "If you take my daughter, keep her." But John wouldn't listen. Now he tries to be boss of my wife. He keeps my wife and is mean to her. A man should be a stranger to his brother's wife. If I die, then, after two or three years, John can take my wife. Adele doesn't want to do anything for me. She kicks all the time. My wife wasn't always like that. I've got a hole in my pants, but there's nobody to patch it. Why have I kept that girl for so many years?

Rorschach Record and Analysis

The quantitative results of Nitla's Rorschach record follow:

Total Responses = 36

W	6	16.6%	FM	6	16.6%	Hd	7	19.4%	P	18	50.0%
DW	2	5.5%	F+	16	44.4%	A	15	41.6%	O	18	50.0%
D	11	30.5%	F−	12	33.3%	Ad	6	16.6%			
Dd	17	47.2%	Fc	1	2.8%	At	6	16.6%			
			FC	1	2.8%	Sex	1	2.8%			
						N	1	2.8%			

Mean C = 00.3
(FM + m):(Fc + c + C') = 6:1
VIII, IX, X/R = 33.3%

Ap. = W, (D), Dd!!!!
Sex. = Loose

The most striking feature of this record is its total absence of movement responses and the almost complete lack of color stimulated responses. In other words, Nitla is completely lacking imagination or fantasy, and at the same time is distrustful of his external environment.

Generally, the record conforms to the pattern of the society, exhibiting the subject's cooperation with the tester in a passively rebellious sort of way. In this case, however, we are dealing with an intelligence more limited than the average, which tries to exceed its potentialities. There is considerable pertence in the performance, indicating that Nitla tried to meet what he thought were the expectations of the tester. His basic uncertainty, however, reveals itself in the fact that many of the generalizations are uncertainly made. Clearly the subject has no talent or ability for this kind of conceptual activity. In other words, we are dealing with intellectualized anxiety. Behaviorally this quality is reflected in

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●159 Nitla's earnest efforts to learn writing (with very slow progress), and his unreasonably intense ambition to teach the ethnographer to speak Kaska. The latter's failure to learn gave Nitla a sense of superiority that was sometimes expressed in mockery. The record also reveals the subject's inadequate attention to the practical problems of daily life.

Emotionally, Nitla is dissatisfied with the fact that he cannot adequately realize his unconscious wishes—not even in fantasy. He is lost with himself, confused toward the world, and his life lacks direction. Failure to understand his own values goes hand in hand with a tendency to seize on other people's values, but these he is also incapable of fully grasping. Illustrations from Nitla's behavior corroborating this interpretation are plentiful and include his ineffectual trapping, the indifferent care he took of his wife, and his chronic inability to make up his mind (whether to go back to the Highway crossing where his wife was or stay in Lower Post; whether to get a job in Lower Post or hope for a trader's generous extension of credit, etc.). The deep passivity and lack of self-assertion very poorly fit the subject for life. Because of the lack of inner control, Nitla has placed a strong damper on his affectivity, crippling his spontaneity, and then trying to compensate for the loss by an exhibitionistic playfulness. This too is reflected in behavior—in the peals of loud laughter that do not seem warranted by the situations in which they occur, the erratic body habits (jumping up, shifting, etc.), and, perhaps, in his ideomotor tendency (imitating the ethnographer's hand movements while the latter writes).

The record also contains signs of basic anxiety, pointing to severe childhood frustration. Here we may recall the fact that in infancy his foster mother at first lacked milk with which to feed him; prolonged nursing does not seem to have overcome the primary crisis which so strongly determined his future attitudes toward the world. Nitla's pretentiousness is one means of overcoming the effects of that profound emotional disturbance; his rejection of spontaneity in favor of constriction, another. But the anxiety is far from mastered and is pushing him in directions which he cannot fathom and where he is loath to follow. To sum up, we are dealing with an uncertain, bewildered, and immature individual, for whom life is a constant series of unmanageable hazards.

LOUISA MAN

Rorschach Record and Analysis

The tabulation of Louisa's record follows:

Total Responses = 16

W	3	18.8%	M	3	18.8%	H	2	12.5%	P	9	56.2%
DW	3	18.8%	FM	3	18.8%	Hd	1	6.3%	O	7	43.7%
D	5	31.2%	m	1	6.3%	A	11	68.7%			
Dd	5	31.2%	F+	4	25.0%	Obj	2	12.5%			
			F−	3	18.8%						
			Fc	2	12.5%						
			FC	1	6.3%						

M:sum C = 2:0.5

(FM +m):(Fc +c +C') = 5:2

VIII, IX, X/R. = 25%

Ap. = Wl, (D) Ddllll

Sec. = Loose

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Intellectually this fifteen year old girl is characterized by an ability, greater than that of the average Kaska adult, to conceptualize experience. Her thinking, however, lacks critical perception, rigorousness, and sufficient attention to routine problems of existence. 159

Emotionally, Louisa is not a child and shows an awareness of her sensual appetites. Her behavior is determined by the same passive rebelliousness which we have already noted to be a normal feature of Kaska Rorschach performance. Characteristically Louisa inhibits almost any response to the emotional stimulation of her environment. Although she is emotionally less constricted than the average Kaska, her fantasy life is still determined in large part by rather immature ideas and wishes, with some of which she is ill at ease. It may be that it is her impulsiveness and relatively greater freedom from constriction of which she is mistrustful and against which she must be on guard, lest they get her into trouble. The black-gray cards arouse anxiety, particularly when associated with sexual stimuli (Cards VI and VII), which leads to some momentary confusion and decreased productivity. In general her tendency is to avoid novel or intense situations that threaten her resources and to remain friendly to people.

The Personality under Observation

The personality sketch of Louisa Man which follows was prepared by Irma Honigmann, who also administered the Rorschach test.

Louisa is a restless, animated adolescent, somewhat more forthright and aggressive than most Kaska girls. It is difficult to estimate her intelligence, as her restless shifting from task to task prevents her from fulfilling any efficiently. She takes poorly to household duties and is a careless worker. While living with her sister, Anna, during the winter of 1945, she appeared to settle down somewhat and helped with many domestic tasks, without, however, ever completely tanning a small hide that Anna had given her. What portion of the task she did complete (through the softening process) was not well done. Aware that the ethnographer wanted cultural specimens, she hastily prepared a large number of miniature mittens and moccasins, all of very poor workmanship (she originally forgot to put a thumb on one of the mittens). Moccasins made for our son showed equal crudity and signs of haste. In this lack of perfectionism, Louisa is more extreme than most Kaska women; she is, for example, much more careless than her eleven year old friend, Elsie La[redacted]ho far more neatly duplicated many of Louisa's assignments.

Yet despite her inefficiency and impatience with everyday things, she gives the impression of being gay, animated, and alert. Out in the bush she generally runs ahead. She wades into streams, trying to catch fish, not for the purpose of securing food but to demonstrate a feat.

It would appear that Louisa does not easily tolerate authority. She left her father's home, according to Old Man, because she was criticized too much. She then moved in with her sister, Anna, and found little authority to contend with. She is direct and effective in rejecting unwanted sexual overtures. She kicked Hans Donnelly in the stomach for bothering her while he was drunk and once told Nitla to "get the hell out of here you son-of-a-bitch," when he teased her verbally with sexual allusions.

In her seeming inability to adjust to the expected female role, Louisa reminds one of

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●159 Irene Wiley. Once, during the summer of 1944, she accompanied the latter girl for a ride in an army truck but was reprimanded by her father. It seems likely that an element of masculine protest operates in both these assertive, independent Kaska girls. Very likely Louisa, in about a year, will take up the pattern of promiscuity for which Irene is already notorious.